

Jacksonville

Republican

"THE PRICE OF LIBERTY IS ETERNAL VIGILANCE."

JACKSONVILLE, ALABAMA, SATURDAY, APRIL 1 1882.

WHOLE NO. 2346.

VOLUME XLII.

THE REPUBLICAN.

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L. W. CRANT.

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CLOUDS.

Soft and fleecy clouds above me
Scarcely seem to move at all,
Yet are rolling, drifting, shifting,
Free from every sort of thrall.

Sun-blinded, gray and silver,
Banked against the azure sky—
On such couches basking in seclusion,
Might the gods from heaven lie.

Twisted into shapes fantastic,
Frowning cliffs and towers high,
How I oft have gazed upon them
With a beauty-raptured eye!

Those light forms, so freely floating,
All my soul with longing fill,
Fill it with a languid longing,
That is out of reach of will.

Fill it with a restless longing,
For what things I know not well;
Fill it with a mournful longing
That no words can ever tell.

THE INVISIBLE GIRL.

Having decided to finish the year in Italy, I looked around me for a dwelling, to be had upon reasonable terms. I found what I wanted in the outskirts of the ancient city of Lucre, one of the loveliest spots on the peninsula. The house was quite new, and in every way desirable, while the rent asked for it was absurdly low. I questioned the agent in regard to this circumstance. Hearing my money safe, he could afford to be truthful.

"There is nothing against the house itself, but the grounds have the reputation of being haunted. Strange sounds are said to be heard near that ledge of rock in the park yonder. We Italians are superstitious, signor," he added, with a bow, "but I presume to an American a ghost is no objection."

"So little," I replied, laughing, "that I am obliged to you for the opportunity of making the acquaintance of this one."

Such superstitions are common in Italy, and the agent's story made very little impression on me.

During a tour of inspection around the premises I came upon the rock in question. It consisted of two walls of granite, perhaps 20 feet in height, meeting at an oblique angle, covered over their greater extent with wild vines. It struck me as an exceedingly beautiful nook, and appropriate for my hours of outdoor lounging.

On the following morning, provided with a book and a cigar, I went thither, and disposed myself comfortably in the shade of an olive. I had become absorbed in the volume, when I was startled by the sound of a voice near me. It was evidently that of a woman, wonderfully soft and sweet, singing one of the ballads of the country. I could distinguish the words as perfectly as if spoken at arms' length from me.

I started up in amazement. I had no visitors, and my only servant was an old man. Nevertheless, I made a thorough exploration of the neighborhood, and satisfied myself that there was no one in the grounds. The only public road was half a mile distant. The nearest dwelling was directly opposite, across a level plain—in sight, but far out of ear-shot. In a word, I could make nothing of it.

I observed that when I left my original position under the olive, the voice became instantly silent. It was only within the circumference of a circle of about two yards in diameter that it was audible at all.

It appeared to proceed from the angle between the two walls of rock. The minutest examination failed to reveal anything but the bare rock. Yet it was out of this bare rock that the voice issued.

I returned to my former station in downright bewilderment. The agent's story occurred to me, but even now I attached no weight to it. I am a practical man, and was firmly convinced that there must be some rational explanation of the mystery, if I could but discover it. The voice was certainly that of a young girl. But where was she? Was the old fable of the wood nymph a truth after all? Had I discovered a dryad embosomed in the rock? I smiled scornfully even as these fancies ran through my head.

For more than half an hour the singing continued. Then it ceased, and though I waited patiently for its renewal, I heard no more of it that day. When I returned to the house I made no mention of the matter, resolving to keep it to myself until I had solved the mystery.

The next morning at an early hour I returned to the spot. After a tedious interval the singing began again. It went softly and dreamily through one verse of song then ceased. Presently I heard a deep sigh, and then in a slow, thoughtful tone, the voice said:

"Oh, how lonesome it is! Am I to pass my whole life in this dreary place?"

There was no answer. Evidently the person was only soliloquizing. Could she hear me if I spoke, as I heard her? I supposed her to be a living being, and determined to hazard the experiment.

"Who is that speaking?" I asked.

"For some minutes there was no reply; then in a low, frightened whisper, the voice said:

only hear you. Oh, where are you! Pray do not frighten me. Come out of your concealment and let me see you."

"Indeed, I don't wish to alarm you," I replied. "I am not hidden. I am standing directly in front of the spot whence your voice seems to come."

"You are invisible," was the trembling answer. "Your voice comes to me out of the air. Holy Virgin! you must be a spirit. What have I done to deserve this?"

"Have no fear of me, I entreat you," I said, earnestly. "It is as much of a mystery to me as it is to you. I hear you speak, but you are otherwise invisible."

"Are you a real living being?" asked the voice, doubtfully. "Then why do I not see you? Come to me. I will sit here. I will not fly."

"Tell me where I am to come," I said.

"Here in my garden in the arbor," I said. "There is no arbor here," I returned, "only a solid rock out of which you seem to be speaking."

"Saints protect me," answered the voice. "It is too awful. I dare not stay here longer. Spirit or man, farewell."

"But you will come again," I pleaded. "Let me hear you speak once more. Will you not be heard at the same hour?"

"I dare not—but yet your voice sounds as if you would do me no harm. Yes, I will come."

Then there was utter silence—the mysterious speaker had gone. I returned home in a state of stupid wonder, questioning myself if I had lost my senses, and if the whole occurrence was not a delusion. I was faithful to my appointment with the voice on the following morning, however. I had waited but a few moments, when the soft, trembling accents broke the silence, saying:

"I am here."

"And I, too," I answered; "I am grateful to you for coming."

"I have not slept the whole night," said the voice, "I was so terrified. Am I doing wrong to come?"

"Are you still afraid of me?"

"Not exactly, but it is so strange."

"Will you tell me your name?"

"I don't know—Lenore. What is yours?"

"George," I answered, imitating her example and giving my first name only.

"Shall we not be friends, Lenore?"

"Oh, yes," answered the voice with a silvery peal of laughter. Evidently its owner was getting over her fears.

"Don't be offended, George. It is so strange—two people who cannot see each other and perhaps never will, making friends."

"I will solve the mystery yet, Lenore," I answered, "and find out what you are. Would you be glad to see me in my proper person?"

"Yes," she replied, "I should like to see you."

"And I would give a great deal to see you, Lenore. You must be very beautiful if your face is like your voice."

"Oh, hush!" was the agitated answer. "It is not right to speak thus."

"Why not? Do you know, Lenore, that if this goes on, I shall end by falling in love with you, though I never see you."

"You are very audacious," was the reply. "If you were really here, before me, I should punish you for it. As it is, I am going now."

"But you will come again to-morrow, Lenore?"

"If you will promise to be more discreet, George, yes."

As may be imagined, I did not fail to keep my engagement with my invisible friend. For many consecutive days these strange meetings continued. As absurd as it may seem, the voice was beginning to make a powerful impression upon me. I felt in its soft tones the manifestation of a sweet, refined woman's soul.

True, I had made no progress towards unraveling the mystery. Nevertheless, I was confident that through some inexplicable dispensation of Providence I had been permitted to hold communion with a real, living woman, from an unknown distance. She had not yet told me more than her first name, and I did not press her for more as yet. Her only answer to my question as to where she was, was "In the garden." She did not seem capable of grasping the fact that I was not invisibly near her. She seemed content with matters as they stood, and for the present I could do no more.

I made no one my confidant as to my daily occupation; first, because I knew that I should be regarded as a madman upon my mere statement of the facts, and next because I shrank from having an auditor at my mysterious conferences. Will it be believed? I was in love with the invisible girl—in love with the voice! Absurd, of course, but I am not the first man who has fallen in love with a woman's voice. Besides I was confident that it was only a matter of time before I should see the girl in person.

One day, towards the end of summer, we had been talking, as usual, and I had said: "My stay in Italy is nearly over, Lenore."

"Ah," was the quick reply, "you will leave me, George."

"No, Lenore," I answered, "not if you wish me to stay."

"How can I help it, George, whether

you go or stay? I have never seen you—I never shall see you. What am I to you?"

"All the world, Lenore," I answered. "Ours has been a strange experience. Without knowing each other as people ordinarily do, we have yet been close friends. You are more to me than a friend. I love you, Lenore."

There was a quick, suppressed cry, no other reply.

"Be truthful, Lenore. Tell me your heart. If you love me, trust me to discover your whereabouts and come to you. If you do not, say it and I will spare you the pain of meeting me, and let us never speak again."

There was a pause; then she tremulously said:

"I have never seen you, but my heart tells me to trust you. I know you are good and noble, and I am willing to leave my fate in your hands. Yes, George, I love you."

Even as she said the words she uttered a cry of alarm. Then a gruff man's voice spoke:

"Go to your room, Lenore. As to this villain with whom you have been holding these meetings, we shall soon find him and punish him as he deserves. Search for theascal, Antonio, and bring him to me."

There was a quick tramping of feet and the sound of crashing shutters, as if the men were breaking through it. Then another man's voice spoke:

"He has disappeared, your excellency."

"Very well, we shall find him yet. He cannot escape me. This is a fine piece of business, surely—the daughter of Count Villani holding secret meetings with some common vagabond. Lenore shall take the veil."

"Yes," I cried, "the bridal veil, count. I shall pay my respects in person to-day."

Then leaving them to get over their astonishment as best they might, I returned to the house in high spirits. The name, Count Villani, had given me the clue to the whereabouts of Lenore. The dwelling of which I have spoken as situated across the plain and opposite the rock, was the residence of Count Villani. I had met the old gentleman in the city and formed a speaking acquaintance with him. As neither of us had mentioned our private affairs, I had no means of connecting his daughter with my invisible girl.

That afternoon I presented myself to the count, and after amazing him with my story, which a few tests convinced him was true, formally proposed for his daughter's hand. As my wealth and social position were well-known, he offered no objections and his daughter was sent for.

As she entered the room, I saw that my idea of her had been less than true. I had never seen so lovely a woman, nor one who so perfectly embodied my highest conception of grace and beauty. Her dark eyes, still wet with tears, met mine enquiringly.

"Lenore," said I, "I have come as I promised."

"George," she cried, with a radiant smile, "is it you?"

"Are you disappointed?" I asked, "am I what you expected?"

"You could not be more," she answered naively, "you are no less."

"Now that we meet as solid and material beings," I continued, "are you willing to ratify the contract we made when we were only voice, Lenore? Your father gives us permission."

How the Spanish Ladies Shoot.

While her Majesty was at Madrid the great banker and railway contractor, Salamanca, gave a hunting party in her honor at his seat, near Albeceite. All the royal family except the young Queen whose health is not satisfactory, went. Prodigious expense was gone to by the banker to receive them worthily. The hunt was a battle of easy butchery. This is how the august, royal and noble personages hunted. The Comte de Salamanca has a forest in his domain. Large spaces are cleared in it. In the centre of these spaces pavilions or stand-houses like those one sees at race-courses are erected. They are beautifully painted and adorned with sylvan trophies. The royal family was taken to one of these stand-houses and its different members present took up their stations according to the order of courtly precedence. The courtiers stood on the steps behind. Those who were least distinguished were higher up. In front of each to whom a gun was given there was a forked support on which to rest the muzzles. But no courtier was to fire until his betters in the front row had had enough of sport.

A band of guitar players had a tribute to themselves and played lively airs. The musicians were dressed like Figaro in "The Barber of Seville." Then there were wood rangers, whip-pers-in, huntsmen and sylvan guards, the notes of whose horns contrasted sharply with the frivolous music of the guitars. While the former instruments were blowing loud blasts a herd of deer rushed before the pavilion, followed by dogs. The King, his mother, sisters, Prince Philippe of Braganza, fired. The ex-Queen knocked down two stags; the ex-Princess of the Asturias, four, and the other two Infantas three each. When this herd had swept by the ex-Princess of the Asturias got on horseback to be ready to follow the second herd, which she and the King chased through the forest. They had small fowling pieces slung to their boisters and sometimes took flying shots. I daresay the whole scene was picturesque and stirring. English or American taste would be shocked if Queen Victoria and her daughters, or the ladyhood of Fifth avenue, indulged in sport of this kind. Spaniards like to see their seniors and seniors intrapud hussies. It is a sign, they say, of old race when a woman handles a fowling-piece dextrously. Sloop keepers and artisans daughters have few opportunities for using guns. Velasquez painted the beautiful little Condessa de Haro, daughter of Don Louis de Haro, equipped for a battue or butchery such as was organized the other day at Albeceite for the delectation of the Queen Mother and the Infantas. She had on a mousquetaire or cavalier garb felt hat and feathers, a steel cuirass damascened, a farthingale, strong-soled buskins, and a gun in her hand, which she manipulated in a soldierly manner. This portrait, which I saw eight years ago, is still before my eyes, so vivid was the impression that it made on me. There is nothing theatrical in the Condessa, who is a pocket Diana. She means to do business with her gun. A French lady when she goes out to shoot has an opera comique look. If high heels are the fashion she wears them, although they are detestable for walking over soft ground. One sees that she has not the taste for sport and only thinks of it as affording an opportunity to appear in a new, striking, original and captivating toilette.

Six Thousand Years Old.

The Ashmolean Museum, at Oxford, contains one of the oldest monuments of civilization in the world, if, indeed, it is not the very oldest. This is the fluted stone of a tomb which formed the last resting-place of an officer who lived in the time of King Sent, of the second dynasty, whose date is placed by M. Mariette more than six thousand years ago. The stone is covered with that delicate and finished sculpture which distinguished the early periods of Egyptian history, and was immeasurably superior to the stiff and conventional art of the latter ages of Egypt which we are accustomed to see in our European museums. But it is also covered with something more precious still than sculpture, with hieroglyphics which show that even at that remote period Egyptian writing was a complete and finished art, with long ages of previous development lying behind it. The hieroglyphic characters are already used, not only pictorially and ideographically, but also to express syllables and alphabetic letters, the name of the King, for instance, being spelled alphabetically. In the hands of the Egyptian scribes, however, Egyptian writing never made any further progress. With the fall of what is called the Old Empire (about B. C. 3500) the freshness and expansive force of the people passed away, Egyptian life and thought became fossilized, and through the long series of centuries that followed Egypt resembled one of its own mummies, faithfully preserving the form and features of the past age, and of a life which had ceased to beat in its veins. Until the introduction of Christianity the only change undergone by Egyptian writers was the invention of a running hand, which in its earlier and simple form is called hieratic, and in its later form domestic.

Fertilizer Experiments.

Nitrogen is the most costly ingredient used in commercial fertilizers, and the most difficult at the present time to obtain. It would be wasteful, therefore, to use a greater quantity than is really needed, and such waste is exceedingly costly to the farmer. As it is found that less nitrogen is required, the price of fertilizing has been gradually dropping in market, and this gain is greatly to the benefit of the farmer. It enables him to buy more, and to use more with a fair prospect of obtaining a profit. One objection to the use of guano, he believed, was that it contained a larger percentage of nitrogen than is needed, and consequently a larger proportion than farmers can afford to pay for it. A saving of one per cent in the amount of nitrogen in a ton of fertilizer will cheapen the cost about four dollars. The most profitable way to use fertilizers is in connection with stable manure, the fertilizer being compounded in such a way as to make the mixture and fertilizer together just meet the wants of the crop to be grown. Exactly how the nitrogen is taken by plants, is not explained, but it is evident that soil which is well filled with the tops and roots of clover and other plants contains a large amount of nitrogen that the growing crop will in some way appropriate.

Drugged Again.

"Well, Catharine Davis?"

"I'm not well, at all, sir; and what lady would be after passing the night on the hard benches here!"

"Catharine, you are charged with drunkenness."

"Then the charge is false, sir. I was no more drunk than that stove."

"But you were arrested while trying to make a speech on the street, and you couldn't walk down here."

"Well, your Honor, I wasn't drunk. On my way home I stopped into a grocery to buy some soap and the clerk offered me a glass of cider. In five minutes after drinking it I was as crazy as a loon."

"Do you think the cider was drugged?"

"Of course it was."

"There wasn't any drug in this, was there?" continued the Court, as he held up a whiskey-bottle taken from her pocket the night before.

"Bless me, I never saw it before!" she gasped.

"But it was taken from your pocket."

"Then some one put it there to convict a poor woman who lost her husband by a tornado nineteen years ago. Oh, sir, if you only knew how I had struggled."

"I do know, Catharine. You have struggled with the officers at least four times in the past year."

"But I was drugged, sir."

"That's the fourth time you've told that same story. Come, Catharine, you must go up."

"For one day, sir?"

"No—for thirty."

"Then I'm a dead widow, sir. I can never stand the disgrace of it. Can I send out and buy some poison?"

"Bijah will fix all that. Please fall back into the corridor, and I hope this will be a lesson to you."

Bijah gave her an apple, promised her his photograph, and so cheered her up that she forgot all about the poison, and entered the omnibus singing "The Jug I Left Behind Me."

A Pennsylvania Stage.

"All aboard for the Limestone Ridge Limited Express!" Travel between Newport, on the Pennsylvania Railroad, and New Germantown, Pennsylvania, a distance of thirty miles, is conducted by means of the primitive stage coach. The order to board came from the lusty lungs of Zack Rice, who comes of

Col. McClure, of the Philadelphia Times, has been studying the political situation at Washington. He finds "profound unrest and visible demoralization in the Republican ranks, and looks for open war between Arthur and Blair which shall end in the overthrow of Arthur and the mystery of Blaine."

At a masquerade: "Was it the low beating of my heart, my darling, that told you I was near?" murmured he. "Oh no," she replied, "I recognise your croak-like-ness."

at Calera with L & N for Montgomery,
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A DREAM IN A DREAM.

A mid-May night,
The full moon light,
The singing of the nightingale
Came through the casement, with perfume
Shaken from nodding lilac plumes.

The sweet bird sang,
The faint light shone
Gleams on the laurels gleaming:
O sweet, O bright, O tuneful night!
Among the orchard blossoms white.

Old music streamed,
Old moonlight gleamed,
As softly I lay listening:
The saddest things, grown sweet at last,
Came blossoming from the past.

"Twain prayer and sleep,
Began to creep
A dream upon me glimmering;
It seemed to be a reined noon,
Which was not of the sun or moon.

"Twain sense and soul
The vision stole,
A strange pale splendor shimmering
And I with one was walking slow,
As in the moonlight long ago.

It thrilled my brain
With piercing pain,
It crushed my heart to perishing;
Until I dreamed it was a dream,
And woke and saw the moonlight gleam,
And heard the bird—the nightingale.

THE HOUSEKEEPER'S DAUGHTER.

"I never did see such a sight in all my life," quoth Mrs. Narley, elevating her two rheumatism-twisted old hands in the air. "Dust on them beautiful carpets; glass in the conservatory windows all broken; chickens scratching up all the geraniums on the front lawn, and the lazy servants dawdling away their precious time; while poor dear Mr. Avenel and Harry don't know any more what's going on than if they were boarders. Says I, 'Dear heart alive, Mr. Avenel, this is enough to make your poor wife turn in her grave.' Says he—'you know his pleasant way'—'Well, I know it isn't just right, Mrs. Narley; but what can I do?' And I answers, says I, 'Get a housekeeper.' Says he, 'Where?' Says I, 'Advertise.' Says he, 'Mrs. Narley, you've hit the nail on the head. I'll advertise to-morrow.' And that's how that paragraph happened to be in the papers."

Here Mrs. Narley stopped to catch her breath, and nodded emphatically at her auditor, a pale woman dressed in deep mourning, with the unbecoming framework of a widow's cap around her face.

"And do you think I should suit the gentleman?" the latter asked timidly.

"You can but try," was Mrs. Narley's encouraging response. "Mr. Avenel's as easy as a lamb, and not one of them as is everlastingly checking off bills and counting nickels and pennies, and Harry's dreadful pleasant tempered. Any way, if I was you, Mrs. Hawkhurst, I'd go up and see."

And Mrs. Hawkhurst, holding her pretty little daughter by the hand, went up accordingly to the handsome stone house on the hill.

There she found Mr. Avenel in a state of temporary siege, for others besides herself had seen the tempting advertisement, and made haste to answer it. There were fat women and lean, tall women and short, Scotch women, and trim, sharp-featured women; women who had seen better days, and women who evidently hadn't.

Mrs. Hawkhurst looked around, somewhat discouraged by the formidable array of rivals.

"There's no hope for me," she thought despairingly, and was just about to turn away, when Harry Avenel advanced.

"Did you wish to see my uncle ma'am?" he asked, courteously.

"I—I called about the housekeeper's situation," meekly murmured the widow.

And Harry bowed her in at once. The fat and the tall, the German and the Scotch, the sour and the sweet, went away disappointed that day, for Mr. Avenel decided to engage Mrs. Hawkhurst as his housekeeper, with permission to keep Juliet with her.

"She is all I have, sir," said the housekeeper, apologetically, "and she will try to be useful about the house."

"How old is she?" asked Mr. Avenel.

"Fifteen, sir."

"Well, let her stay," said the widow, good humoredly. "She'll eat no more than a chicken, and I dare say she can do a great many odd things about the place."

Mrs. Hawkhurst proved herself an executive officeress of the greatest ability. Gradually the "chaos and old night" of Avenel Place was reduced to system and order. The wheels of housekeeping revolved so softly that no one knew they moved, yet these were the results. You scarce ever saw the housekeeper gliding about the halls, yet the servant declared she was omnipresent. Mr. Avenel found himself actually the inhabitant of a home once more, as the years slowly passed away.

He was sitting on the piazza one day smoking his cigar and watching the graceful movement of Juliet Hawkhurst as she was planting trailing vines in a marble vase that occupied the centre of the lawn when Mrs. Narley came out.

"What has she been doing now?" asked the widow with an amused face.

"Why, she's refused Ben Nicholas' eldest son, as likely and forehanded a young fellow as there is in the country."

"Ben Nicholas! Why, Mrs. Narley, she's only a child."

"She's seventeen next week," nodded Mrs. Narley, "and high time she thought of settling."

Mr. Avenel looked across to where Juliet stood in her pink gingham dress, the soft summer wind stirring her curls and her cheek as softly tinted as the standard moss rose on the lawn. Seventeen! Was it possible that little Juliet Hawkhurst had grown to be seventeen years old? Oh, relentless Time that would not stand still! Oh, cruel years, that went by and stole the fair brightness of childhood away! So Ben Nicholas had actually asked Juliet Hawkhurst to be his wife!

"I wish you an' Harry'd talk serious to her about it," went on Mrs. Narley. "Tain't likely she'll have many more such chances as that."

"No; to be sure not," said Mr. Avenel abstractedly.

"And o'course she'd oughter think it over well," added Mrs. Narley.

"Oh, certainly—to be sure!"

When Harry Avenel came home from the city that evening, he found his uncle in a brown study.

"Harry," quoth the widow.

"Yes, uncle."

"So I should conclude, sir, from the H shaped wrinkle between your brow," laughed the young merchant. "Well, and what has been the topic of your meditations, uncle Joe?"

"Why, I was thinking what would become of us if Mrs. Hawkhurst were to take it into her head to leave us."

Harry opened wide his merry hazel eyes at the idea.

"What made you think of such a thing sir?" he asked.

"Oh, I don't know. She has a good place here; but one couldn't expect her to be contented with a housekeeper's situation always, Harry."

"No, to be sure not."

"She has become very essential to our domestic happiness, Harry," went on Mr. Avenel.

"Yes—I grant you that, Uncle Joe."

"And I really don't know how we could manage to exist without her."

"Raise her salary, uncle," suggested Harry.

"No, I hardly think that would answer my purpose; but, Harry—"

"Well, well?"

Mr. Avenel looked slightly sheepish.

"Can't you imagine any other way of keeping her here?"

Harry stared at his uncle. Mr. Avenel felt disposed to give him a hearty shake for his stupidity.

"Oh!" cried the young man with a sudden darting of lucidity over the darkness of his brain, "You don't mean matrimony, uncle?"

"Yes, I do!" quoth Mr. Avenel stoutly.

"I, uncle?"

"Because you are the only person interested besides myself—and her."

"My greatest interest, uncle, is to see you happy," the young man answered, wringing the elder's hand. "And—if I too should conclude to marry at no distant day—"

"Why, then," cried Mr. Avenel gayly, "we can all live together just as we do now, and be the happiest family in the world!"

And he went into the house, whistling as he went. "John Anderson my Jo, John," as blithely as a boy of sixteen.

Juliet Hawkhurst was standing by the little side garden gate that evening, thoughtfully watching over her right shoulder of course, the slender silver crescent of the new moon. Juliet had certainly blossomed into a perfect little rose of a maiden, during the years she had been an inmate of Avenel Place.

She was fair-haired and rosy, with long eyelashes, deep blue eyes full of shadowy purple gleams; and, moreover, there was in her every movement a self-possession and grace and dignity of mien that was inexpressibly charming. Juliet Hawkhurst had been born for a lady, but untoward fate had made a housekeeper's daughter of her.

As she stood there, leaning over the iron rail of the gate, a footstep sounded behind her:

Juliet looked up this time in real and genuine astonishment.

"A step-father, Harry?"

"My uncle has confided to me, this evening, that he thinks of marrying, Juliet, and from all that I can gather, the bride is none other than your mother, when we are married there will be a nice little family circle of us, eh?"

And the audacious young man belted his slender waist with his arm, and ventured to draw her a little closer to him.

"Oh, but, Harry, you are all wrong," cried Juliet, crimsoning and smiling like a June flower. "I—I meant to tell you of it, but somehow the words would not come to my lips. Your uncle told me also, that he had concluded to marry again, and—and he asked me to be his wife."

"The mischief he did!" cried Harry Avenel, starting back as if some one had struck him a blow. "You! Why, Juliet, you are young enough to be his daughter."

"Perhaps I am," said Juliet meekly.

"And what did you tell him?"

"I told him I was engaged to you."

"Tell me quick, Juliet?" he cried, almost passionately. "Don't keep me longer in suspense."

"I told him," Juliet answered innocently, "that I had already promised to marry you."

"My little dove!" and Harry Avenel's dark face brightened into sunshine once again. "And you were right, for May and November never yet were happily mated. My uncle is an old fool; and yet I can't blame him, Juliet; when I look at your sweet face."

The countenance of Mr. Avenel was slightly confused when he met his nephew at the breakfast table next morning, but further than that there was no sign of the discomfiture he had undergone.

He gave Juliet an exquisite set of wedding pearls when she was married, and congratulated Harry after a very cordial fashion. But he never proposed to Mrs. Hawkhurst, and as she had never expected anything of the sort, no harm was done.

And everything goes on at Avenel Place just precisely as it ought to do. Mr. Avenel keeps his housekeeper, and Harry has gained a wife.

Cornish Fishermen.

Cornish fishermen are peculiarly patient under grinding poverty. Their calling is a precarious one. The fish upon which they depend for the greater part of their winter food, often do not come. What shall they do? They might frequently and with good reason, cry aloud for help, demanding some part of the national subscriptions which the Lord Mayor of London disburses to distressed Bulgarians and other worthy claimants of international charity; but no cry comes. They might on the other hand, destroy the boats and nets of the seine-owner to set matters right; but this idea never suggests itself to their minds. They simply face the hard winter without a murmur, keep their poverty to themselves, eat their dry crust with cheerfulness, and ask alms of none.

As a class they are certainly frugal. Intemperance, of course, exercises its usual influence in preventing the laying by of a portion of the earnings for a rainy day, but in truth in the majority of cases it is a hard struggle to live, let alone save. During the long hard winter credit is often obtained at the grocer's and the baker's, who can not harden their hearts to deny their hungry customers the necessities of life; and spring finds them with a burden of debt upon their shoulders, which all the summer's fishing is unable to remove. Hence many of the fishermen are in a chronic state of debt, a condition of things which can not be remedied until some occupation which may be resorted to when stormy unfavorable winds prevent fishing is adopted.

The patch of garden ground tilled by most fishermen is not sufficient to supply the need. Theft is almost unknown. I speak more especially of fishermen living in small hamlets and villages; those who live in larger towns are probably no better than their neighbors. But in bona fide fishing places property is absolutely safe. Fishing gear, oars, articles of wearing apparel, and the like, may be left unguarded and unwatched without the slightest fear of their being stolen.

Cause of the Decay of Teeth.

In a recent work by A. Weil, the author states the cause of the decay of teeth, whether external or internal, to be the thiaziozymetous fungus, the mode of entry and propagation and the life history of which he follows out in detail.

The acids which occur in the mouth, especially lactic acid, while they may greatly promote the decay, cannot give rise to it. The fungus can readily be detected by its acid reaction. The author considers further, that in many cases, diseases of various parts of the body can be distinctly traced to excretions from the mouth and teeth. Other observers had already traced a connection between decayed teeth and septic abscesses, in which was found a fungus similar to that which occurs in decayed teeth.

—The average expense of one session of treatment exceeds \$8,000,000.

Hindu Humor.

The Hindus have their epics, their dramas, their popular tales, and their poetry. Their Vedas contain passages as sublime as any to be found in the sacred books of other nations. Their law-books are full of wise and humane counsels. Their epics celebrate the actions of men and women not unlike the heroes and heroines of Homer; and their dramas bear strong affinity to ours—a fact which led Schlegel to declare that the English version of the Sakuntala of Kalidasa presents so striking a resemblance to our romantic drama that we would conclude it to have been unduly influenced by his love for Shakespeare, if his accuracy were not well established by all Sanskrit scholars. But still, we cannot look to Indian literature for an Oedipus, a Hamlet, or a Faust, nor conversely, for an Eulenspiegel, a Panurge, or a Sancho Panza. The dogma of quiescence prevented the creation of great types of tears or of laughter which will live for ever. According to our conception of the tragic, the Hindus have no tragedies, and the humor which many of these writers possess is a humor distinctly their own. While the true humorist laughs at the follies of mankind, and even as he laughs loves them because they are so human, the Eastern humorist inspired by Brahmanism or Buddhism, laughs at men for rejecting or despairing in a world which has no reality. He never could thoroughly understand the "brotherly sympathy with the downward side" which was the inspiration of Shakespeare's Rabelais and Cervantes.

It is at first difficult for the Western reader to define what is earnest and what is humorous in Sanskrit works. That which strikes us as grotesque and ludicrous is to the Hindu sublime and serious. The difference in the standards of taste adopted by Eastern and Western Aryans is admirably exemplified in their types of godhead. The Greek gods and goddesses are beautiful and perfect in form; Hephestos, whose trade is little suited to divinity, is mis-shapen; and the horns, tails, and goats' feet of Pan and the satyr harmonize with their semi-beastly natures. The Norse gods are strong, brave, and energetic, and are models of complete manhood. The Hindu gods, however, are tremendous monsters, with eight arms and three heads, like Siva; with an elephant's head, like Ganesha; or black, bloody, and terrible, like the much feared, Durga.

In the Mahabharata Arjuna begs for one glimpse of the infinite, universal deity, and Krishna appears, with many arms, stomachs, eyes, and mouths with projecting teeth, in which the sons of Dri-tarashtra are sticking, even as the pilgrims, concealed in the salad, were held fast in the teeth of Gargantua. There is, moreover, the same wild luxuriance in everything Indian. The Ramayana and Mahabharata are the longest epics. The Panasha-tantra and other popular tales consist of stories connected by a single thread; and there are stories, within stories, until an uninitiated reader, before he is half way through this labyrinth of incident, has lost the thread that was to guide him. It is in keeping with the rich fertility of the Hindu imagination that the early metaphysicians evolved the most tremendous humorous conception that has ever entered into the mind of man. When the philosopher paused, in his speculation on the infinite, to look out upon the world about him, he saw a land teeming with life and beauty; and men and women who lived and struggled, loved and hated, laughed and cried. The contrast between the truth which he in his wisdom had divined and life as it seemed aroused within him a grim sense of the humorous. After all he asked himself what was the world, what was creation, but Maya, a delusion—a joke, colossal in design, which Brahmi, the only reality had imagined for his own amusement. It was even as Heine fancied it might be, the dream of a jolly, tipsy deity.

A Daring Venture.

Mr. Hersberg is a young German who lately came to Milton, North Carolina, from New York. He is a tall, delicate young man, but active and bold, and is a great hunter. He hunts altogether at night, has a bull-eye lantern he pins to his breast and goes out with his dog. Brings down the game, too. The other night during the freshet he was in Danville, where he had gone horseback for medicine for his wife, and returning about midnight he was caught this side of the river at Milton, the night being as dark as pitch and the swollen river raging and rolling in front. The Dan river there is about two hundred yards wide. He called to the ferryman, but the river was too bold and the night too dark to go to him. So he deliberately dismounted, took off his overcoat and fixed it to the saddle, put his spectacles in his pocket, and mounting his horse leaped recklessly into the river. Fortunately he knew how to swim the horse by keeping his head turned up stream and, remarkable to say, made the trip, striking the bank on the other side all right. He seems to think nothing of it; says he has swam seven miles at one time in his life. But it was a most daring and dangerous venture.

Hunting the Hippo.

A traveler in Africa says: Here, on my first day, I lost my way in the jungle, about four miles inland, and for a long time was in a great fright, climbing trees to try and get a view. I fortunately met some natives, who climbed a cocoanut tree and got me some milk, and on my trying to describe the sea, at once made signs of intelligence. Thinking I wanted to get to a lake to hippopotami, they took me two more miles inland, and on reaching some swampy ground, made signs of caution. At last, parting the foliage they showed me a small lagoon, and for the first time I beheld the mighty hippopotamus in his native lair, never disturbed by a white man before. My disgust may be imagined as I had only my smooth-bore, and on the opposite side of the lake lay some eighteen hippos basking in the sun, and now and then giving a bellow that made me laugh much. I took accurate bearings of the place by the wind and sun, and at last succeeded (after much fatigue, walking through swamp and jungle), in reaching the boat. The next morning at day-break I was under way, with our black interpreter, and armed with my Martini rifle. We arrived at a village, and some natives immediately volunteered to guide me, and come and see the fun. They hate hippos, which do great mischief to their little crops, sugar canes, etc., besides frightening them out of their wits at night, and often knocking down their houses. When we reached the lake, there lay the unconscious hippos, as before, in about six feet of water, their heads just above the surface. The blacks guided me round to the other side of the lake, where by wading out through the thick, high sedge, I got within about seventy yards of my quarry, one of the blacks acting as a rest for my rifle—and very steady he was. I selected the biggest head as my target, and sent my little messenger on his fatal journey. It passed through the ramus of the animal's lower jaw, smashing the atlas and axis, and the death struggle that ensued gave me an idea of what a mighty brute the hippo is. Its entire body was hurled out of water (feet first), a most fatal sign, and volumes of blood, mud and water were sent high in the air, obscuring everything. About twenty seconds afterwards a large one rose to breathe some eighty yards distant, and I sent No. 2 straight into his brain between eye and ear. Death was in this case so immediate that the animal did not make quite so much disturbance as the first one. The natives were astonished and looked on the rifle and me as objects of the greatest interest. I then shot two more, and by this time the bodies of the two first were being dragged ashore. Next morning I was up early to cut off their heads, as I knew they would be all floating by that time, and about ten blacks accompanied me, one of them making fast a rope to the leg. On the first being landed the blacks gave a hearty cheer, something like an Irish "Ull-gone," and I, jumping on the huge carcass, proceeded to make a speech duly rendered into Swahili by my interpreter. That day I spent five hours up to my middle in water getting the heads off, the skin being about two and a half inches thick and like india rubber. The blacks cut off all the flesh, and bore away all the skulls to the boat. I have got now two heads on board, and the lower jaw of another: my big head and tusks are the largest ever seen by any one on board, the tusks of the lower jaw being about 9 inches long. The night before we left Delgado I watched the panthers by moonlight, and on seeing three come out of the jungle, jumped, gun in hand, out of the stern with bare feet, alighting on some coral which opened an old wound, and cut my foot badly, so that I have now a nasty suppurating hole in my foot.

Coffee.

Coffee so far as is often supposed, from accelerating the digestive process of the stomach, rather tends to impede this. When thirty grammes of coffee, diluted in one hundred and fifty of water, is given to a dog, which is killed five hours and a half afterward, the stomach is found pale, its mucous surface being anemic, and the vessels of its external membrane contracted. The whole organ exhibits a marked appearance of anemia of the mucous membrane, thus preventing rather than favoring vascular congestion, and opposing rather than facilitating the secretion of gastric juice, how comes it that the sense of comfort is procured for so many people who are accustomed to take coffee after a meal? A repast, in fact, produces in those whose digestion is torpid, a heaviness of the intellectual faculties and embarrassment of the power of thinking; and these effects, and the disturbance of the head are promptly dissipated by the stimulant effect which the coffee produces on the nervous centers, as shown by experiments with casein. Coffee and tea, when taken in excess, are a frequent cause of dyspepsia, for the anemic condition of the mucous membrane being periodically renewed, a permanent state of congestion is produced, which constitutes dyspepsia. Sugar, which many doctors has a bad reputation, is an ailment which assists digestion, and should be prescribed in dyspepsia. By experiment, digestion of meat is found to take place much more completely when sugar is added. Coffee exerts both a local and general action, operating locally by means of its tannin, by diminishing the caliber of the vessels, but acting on the general economy by exciting the nervous centers and the muscular system. It renders digestion slower, and is only of good effect by relieving the feeling of torpor after meals. Its injurious action on digestion may be corrected by adding sugar so as to counterbalance its effects on the mucous membrane. This adding sugar to coffee is not only a pleasant practice, but one contributing to digestion.

Hints for Pictures.

Bishop and Dr. Ford, are receiving applications and paying out money for the Real Estate Loan and Insurance Co. of Selma. The terms are simple, and the relief is a god-send to farmers.—Tuladega Reporter.

Stevenson and Grant have paid several thousand dollars in cash this week to borrowers, and have plenty left over.

One of our friends will send us some field beans to plant? They cannot be planted in Jacksonville.

Article of Jacob Straus too late for week.

Persons who believe the rate charged by the Real Estate Loan and Insurance Company, including all expenses, amounts to twenty per cent, have misapprehension. If they would place amount at something like half that they would be nearer correct.

Lucius McKibbin, one of Oxford's handsomest young gents, paid our quite an agreeable visit this week. He can safely say that during his stay he made many friends, especially among the fair sex. Come again, Lucius.

On the 16th March, at the house of the bride's father, John Cameron to Miss Lou C. Wilkerson, Rev. J. P. Leek: all of Calhoun county, Ala.

Long may the happy couple live to enjoy this happy union, and may they in this happy union, reunite above the clouds never break. J. F. L.

Messrs. F. W. Watkins and D. F. Watkins, of Real Estate Loan and Insurance Co. of Ala., Selma, reached this city Wednesday, to take a look at Calhoun county.

While in Oxford recently the firm of Messrs. C. presented us with a fine whip. It was selected from a lot of hundreds. Among the lot was this very hand-drawn whip worth \$25. This whip had been upon hundreds of backs every day. They also lead in the stage and wagon trade of this section. They can undersell any body in bargains. There were no incidents of their business. They control the trade of lower Calhoun. A friend from Oxford gave us a resume of the business of this house for the year, but we have not time to say it. We may find it in which we will give the figures, to let the world know what pushing business men of Calhoun can do in building up a business.

The Town Council have passed an ordinance to build a new fence around the graveyard and otherwise improve its appearance.

At the municipal election last Saturday, Mr. C. Crook was elected Mayor, and J. C. Francis, W. H. Francis, J. D. Arnold, A. M. Landers and Wm. M. Haines were elected to the Council. The election was very quiet. There were no candidates and not the least interest in the result.

Our Episcopal friends will have services Saturday continuing through to Sabbath night, which will close the annual season. The anniversary of the foundation of our Lord will be celebrated by services suited to the solemnities of the occasion, and will be exceedingly interesting and instructive. All are invited to attend.

Johnnie Lammagno has recently purchased and set up in his billiard parlor elegant pool table, which is patronized by lovers of the game.

Three letters sent us from Florida for publication by Mr. A. J. H. Borders, written weeks ago, have just recently reached us all in a batch. They went to Jacksonville Fla. and lay in the office at that place a long time.

We invite attention to the advertisement of Smith and Wiggs, of Weavers Station. These gentlemen have recently laid an entire new stock of goods and will most certainly give bargains. Both gentlemen have high character for integrity and fair dealing and customers can rely upon their representations as to quality of goods. Give them a trial.

The Presbyterian and Baptist of Jacksonville speak of improving their Church grounds and buildings.

A white woman tramp came to Centre, Cherokee county, a few days ago and engaged in indecent conduct with some negro men. All parties were arrested, but a mob took them from the hands of the officers and gave both negroes and woman a thrashing, and expelled them from the town.

PUBLIC ROADS.

We noticed in the New York Sun of March 29th, a communication from Vineland, New Jersey, on the subject of working the public roads by contract, which more than sustains us in our recent proposition in that respect. The writer, after detailing the miserable failure of roads in that section under the old system, somewhat akin to our style down here, goes on to show how marked has been the improvement since the system was changed. In 1861 that township started with twenty miles of very bad road, which got no better under the free-and-easy road working system. The system was changed after trial, and the result is now two hundred miles of fine road, easily travelled at any time and the admiration of all surrounding townships. Moreover the expenses of road working have been on the decrease of 1 1/2 years. The writer goes on to say the contract system has succeeded well in New England where tried, and that the people will now have no other sys-

tem. We believe from what has been said and written to us since our article favoring the contract system of working roads, that the people of Calhoun are ready for a change. We note the Selma Times and other papers of the State are agitating a change. It is to be hoped the next Legislature will make the change. Nothing can be worse than the present system, and moreover, it is right that property should bear its part of the burden of road working.

OXFORD FLASHES.

The weather the past few days has been superlatively lovely. A flood of vernal glory is upon us. Fine time for poet-hatching, yet it seems some fail to make the trip.

Messrs. McDaniel, Wrenn and two negroes employees of the new R. R. were severely burned a few days since by the ignition of a keg of blasting powder which they were opening with a pick. Strange that one accident should follow so close upon the heels of another and that sensible men should exercise so little precaution. Powder is a substance that should be handled with the utmost care. Many thousands kegs have been received at this depot and from accounts they are tumbled about recklessly in unloading. If this is not stopped there will be a little earthquake hereabouts some of these days.

The snow's Creek cut has been completed and the force employed upon it has been removed to the Davisville mountain. The scenery at the cut is splendid and will well repay for a visit. On one side the rushing stream flows down the road of the G. P. cut through solid granite, on the other side and running parallel at a distance of only a few feet is the road bed of the E. A. & C. R. R., which will no doubt be completed at some time in the not distant future.

Our city fathers are having a good deal of substantial improvements made upon the culverts and bridges of our side walks and streets. The old wooden culvert across south Main has been removed and an everlasting rock one put in its place.

The sound of the saw and hammer on every side is indicative of many improvements going on in and around our thriving little city.

A petition for the pardon and release of Mason, the guard who shot at Wintona, was being circulated on our streets a few days since. It was numerously signed.

Thos. Lynch of Montevallo, Ala., one of Shelby's oldest and most highly respected citizens, spent several days of late week in town, under the treatment of Dr. Williams for Cancer. He returned home on Monday last greatly improved. Though badly afflicted, he has strong faith in being entirely cured.

The E. T. V. R. has been putting down a great many new ties and rails this part of the road. It seems that the present company are determined upon a thorough renovation.

A petition is being circulated among our citizens, appealing to our town Council for the prohibition of the storing of Guano within the incorporated limits. This is a step in the right direction. To say the best of it, it is a monstrous nuisance, and the olfactory nerves of the community ought not be outraged for the financial benefit of a few merchants.

The health of our town is good, very little sickness.

Rev. Jas. McLean and wife of Gadsden have been visiting relatives here the past few days.

Mrs. Hugh Brownlee, living one and one-half miles South-East of town, died on the fourth inst.

Every body busy in these parts except Doctors, Lawyers and Merchants.

OXFORD, ALA., April 3, 1882. Mr. Editor: Through the columns of your paper I wish to say a few words to your Oxford readers. What I have to say I would like to make public through the columns of an Oxford paper, but unfortunately for our financial and moral and intellectual interests we are without that essential to our otherwise prosperous and intellectual town. Oxford, at present, is pretty well stocked with societies, orders, lodges and so forth.

We have Knights enough here to furnish round one of the 'Knightsly days of old,' though I believe that the excitement on the matter is gradually on the wane.

Now I propose to advocate and to urge upon the young men of Oxford the immediate organization of a society that in point of moral, intellectual, and perhaps, financial benefit to its members will compare favorably with any other order or society already in existence.

And I will venture to say at the outset that if once properly established and skillfully managed, it will yield a larger per cent of real and lasting benefit to the capital invested, than any other order we have in the place.

The plan I propose is this: For the young men and boys of Oxford to organize a Library Association, or Reading Club, for the mutual benefit of all who choose to join it, or in other words, to organize a natural society, with proper constitution, by-laws and officers; charge a reasonable fee for admittance; assess each member monthly, or annually, and invest the proceeds in first class books; secure a proper place for the safe keeping of the same, then let every member select a book, read it and return it proper time.

It is, however, unnecessary for me to go through all the details of a proper organization.

I think from the outlines I have given that all can understand the nature and object of such an organization. A great many, no doubt, are ready to scoff at the bare idea of such a thing; but kind readers, bear with me a moment longer will you?

There are a number of bright and intelligent young men in Oxford who annually spend twenty-five, fifty, or perhaps, one hundred dollars for things that do them no good whatever, or in other words, they throw away that much money.

Now, suppose these same young men were to invest that amount of money in first class literature, what would be the result?

One of the principal advantages that would result from this plan would be that we would obtain wholesale prices on books by obtaining a large amount of titles, thus getting a large amount of good literature for less than the retail price.

Another advantage would be that a taste for good literature would soon be acquired, which would soon open the road to higher and more intellectual society, and, er, would soon open the road to higher and more intellectual society, and, er, would soon open the road to higher and more intellectual society.

Now, you see, you who are of Oxford, what do you say to a reading club?

Fathers of our town—you who have sons launching their fair sails on life's tempestuous sea—sailing away from the safe harbor of home to meet the dark clouds of temptation and sin—Fathers will you lend a helping hand to place within the reach of your boys—the

idols of your hearts—the best literature of the day?

Professors in our College, you who are teaching the "young idea how to shoot," will you give us your aid, or will you frown upon us and go on in the dreary monotony of the school room beating fractions into heads where fancies would flow?

Young men of Oxford—the pride of our town—while in the bloom and beauty of youth, will you lend a helping hand to a cause that will aid you to make your lives sublime?—and when you bid farewell to this mundane sphere, it will help you to leave behind you "foot-prints in the sands of time." Will you help us, or will you let the golden opportunity go unheeded by and waste your brilliant talents like the flower that wastes its sweetness on the desert air?

Now, men of Oxford, young and old, let me hear from you on this subject. Shall we organize a thing of this kind, and place unlimited reading matter within the reach of all, or shall we drop the matter and go stumbling down the highway of life in our intellectual blindness? Hoping some one interested in educational advancement in Oxford will give us their views on this subject, we will close for this time. B. L. W.

To promote a vigorous growth of the hair, use Parker's Hair Balm. It restores the youthful color of gray hair, removes dandruff, and cures itching of the scalp.

SPECIAL COLUMN.

MONEY TO LEND ON COTTON. Parties in Calhoun who raise as much or more than 25 bales of cotton can borrow money of the Real Estate Loan and Insurance Co. of Alabama, at much less than bank rates. Apply to STEVENSON & GRANT. feb25-2t

IT IS FOUND AT LAST!

Somewhere New Under the Sun. A new era is dawning upon woman. Hitherto she has been called upon to suffer the ills of mankind and her own besides.

The frequent and distressing irregularities peculiar to her sex have long been to her the "direful spring of woes unnumbered." In the mansion of the rich and bosom of poverty alike woman has been the constant victim of a suffering of the most unknown to man—and without a remedy. "O Lord, how long!" in the agony of her soul, she cried. But now the hour of her redemption is come. She will suffer no more, for Dr. Williams' Female Regulator, "Woman's Best Friend," is for sale by all Druggists.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Williams, Atlanta, Ga. Price \$1.50 per bottle. Sold by Druggists everywhere. feb1-2m

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THE WEEKLY TIMES-ARGUS, Consolidated THE SOUTHERN ARGUS, Jan. 25, 1882.

The TIMES-ARGUS is thoroughly Democratic, and is an earnest worker for the continued supremacy of the intelligent property-holders in the politics of Alabama. It is a daily paper, published every day, except on Sundays and holidays. It contains the latest news from home and foreign news, as well as full market reports.—Greensboro Watchman.

The Argus for years has been among the foremost papers in moulding public sentiment in Alabama, and has always been noted for its fearless and independent criticism of men and measures. Under its new regime, it will lose none of its characteristics, judging from the past utterances of The Times-Argus.—Union Springs Journal.

THE TIMES-ARGUS will be indispensable to every citizen during the coming political campaign in our State. Subscribe and keep posted.

Only \$1.50 Per Year.

MORNING TIMES, \$10 per year.

Send for agents' terms and get up a club.

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East Tennessee, Virginia

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GEORGIA RAILROADS.

Forms the quickest and most comfortable route to

Eastern Cities.

AND—

ONLY ROUTE

TO THE

Watering Places

East Tennessee and Virginia

The principal inducements are

NOTICE.

TO THE Farmers of Calhoun County.

I am receiving and will keep on hand for sale, at Weaver's Station, Analostan, Greensport and Jacksonville, the old Premium Potassio Guano, which has on all occasions, in tests carefully made, proved to have no equal.

I have handled the old Potassio for eight years past, and have not ever been able to supply the demand. I handled last season 247 tons, and could have sold smartly more in the country, had I been able to furnish it. The results are uniformly satisfactory.

I seldom have any complaint of Potassio Guano, or Potassio Acid Phosphate, which I have in stock at all the above named places. I deem it unnecessary to say any comment on these Fertilizers, as their use for eight years have established their value in diversified husbandry. I guarantee the quality for the present season to be fully up to grade in Phosphoric Acid, Nitrogenous matter and Potash, to any Fertilizers offered to the trade.

The Potassio Guano and Acid Phosphate have the analysis branded upon each bag, with the manufacturers' authority, and guarantee. The entire stock that we offer for sale is fresh, and has not been flooded by overflow on the river.

Prices for this Season. Potassio Guano, fine Oct. 15th next, solvent paper \$75 per ton. Cotton option of 500 lbs. middling grade cotton. Cash on delivery \$45.

Potassio Acid Phosphate on time until the 15th of October next on approved paper \$60.75 per ton, with cotton option of 425 lbs. middling grade cotton. Cash on delivery \$22.50.

Cotton option will not be extended after the maturity of said notes.

I would respectfully refer to Mr. J. W. Whiteside, William Adams, Nathan Clark, D. G. Clark, William Hubbard, Jas. Turk, Gus Ford, J. E. Williams, W. D. Bush, John Wakefield, Charles Loyd, T. H. Clements, Jas. Hagg, N. Weaver, F. T. Clark, J. Dent, Samuel Crook, S. J. Woodruff, Irvin Martin, G. B. Skelton, Frank Hanna, William Edmondson, and J. Peterson, the plow men, as to the results from year to year.

The stock will be kept up during the season at Jacksonville, Weaver's Station, Analostan and Greensport.

All orders addressed to me at Alexandria, Pa., Weaver's Station, or J. Z. Goodlett, Jacksonville, Fla., Greensport, or T. H. Hopkins, Selma manager at Analostan, and W. J. Edmondson, Analostan, will be thankfully received and shall have prompt attention.

Thank you for your patronage in the past, and hope to share the same this season. Very respectfully, your obt. servt., W. P. COOPER, Agent.

GUANO TEST.

ALEXANDRIA, ALA., Jan. 14, 1882.

Last Spring I was having a conversation with one of the largest dealers in Guano in Calhoun county, when he made what I afterward thought, was a wise suggestion. It was as follows: That all of the Guano dealers in the county would authorize some good representative farmer to go, at will, to their stocks of Guano and draw from each brand a sample for test on the same soil, and the same season and year, giving each a fair test. I concluded, after thinking the matter over, that such an experiment might be worth something to the farmers, and, at least, show up the results, and their difference in our soil. So I prepared the same amount of the different named fertilizers from gentlemen who were agents for some, with the understanding that I was to publish the final results, which was agreed to by all.

The soil selected was chosen, so that it would well represent the gray, gravelly, red in tincture and alluvial sandy soils of Calhoun county. Rows 70 yards long, and beginning at the corner of the county seat, and ending at the same corner, were drawn, and the same was kept noted in a memorandum book.

The land was furrowed with two horses and a plow, and the seed was sown in the usual manner, and planted on fresh beds about the 20th April. The plot was worked as usual, and by the same hand, and great care was given to the growing of the same, and the seed was kept noted in a memorandum book.

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1st. Long's Chemicals composted yield 13 lbs. of seed of 990 lbs. per acre.

2nd. Long's Chemicals composted yield 13 lbs. of seed of 990 lbs. per acre.

3rd. Plow Brand 12 lbs., or at the rate of 840 lbs. per acre.

4th. Martin's 12 lbs., or at the rate of 840 lbs. per acre.

5th. Mercurian's 12 lbs., or at the rate of 840 lbs. per acre.

6th. Soluble Pacific 12 lbs., or at the rate of 840 lbs. per acre.

7th. Farmer's Friend 12 lbs., or at the rate of 840 lbs. per acre.

8th. South American 14 lbs., or at the rate of 980 lbs. per acre.

9th. Goslin's 16 lbs., or at the rate of 1120 lbs. per acre.

10th. Goslin's 16 lbs., or at the rate of 1120 lbs. per acre.

11th. Goslin's 16 lbs., or at the rate of 1120 lbs. per acre.

12th. Goslin's 16 lbs., or at the rate of 1120 lbs. per acre.

13th. Goslin's 16 lbs., or at the rate of 1120 lbs. per acre.

14th. Goslin's 16 lbs., or at the rate of 1120 lbs. per acre.

15th. Goslin's 16 lbs., or at the rate of 1120 lbs. per acre.

16th. Goslin's 16 lbs., or at the rate of 1120 lbs. per acre.

17th. Goslin's 16 lbs., or at the rate of 1120 lbs. per acre.

18th. Goslin's 16 lbs., or at the rate of 1120 lbs. per acre.

19th. Goslin's 16 lbs., or at the rate of 1120 lbs. per acre.

20th. Goslin's 16 lbs., or at the rate of 1120 lbs. per acre.

CALHOUN COLLEGE, Male and Female.

The next term will begin Monday, January 3, 1882, and will continue six calendar months.

W. J. BORDEN, Prof. Mathematics, Natural and Moral Sciences, &c. G. B. RUSSELL, Prof. Eng. Latin and Greek Languages, Literature, &c. Mrs. IDA WOODWARD, Instructress in the Primary Department.

Miss WILLIE BORDEN, Instructress on Piano and Organ.

Tuition—including all incidental expenses—\$1.25, \$2.25, \$3.25 and \$5.25 per month. Music, Instrumental, \$5.00 per month, payable in advance. Local pupils can pay monthly.

Good Board can be had at reasonable prices.

The course of instruction in this Institution is thorough and practical. The regulations formed for the mental and moral improvement of the pupils are mild and parental, and will be rigidly enforced.

For further particulars address either, Jacksonville, Ala.

W. J. BORDEN, G. B. RUSSELL, Associate Principals.

SCHOOL.

WEAVER ACADEMY, MALE AND FEMALE.

First term of six months will begin January the 9th 1882, and close June the 23rd.

Second term of four months will begin August the 25th 1882 and close December the 15th.

GRADES. Primary \$2.50 per month. Intermediate 2.25 " " High School 3.00 " "

Board in good families at reasonable rates. For further particulars address WATSON BROS., Weaver's Station, Ala.

FIRE INSURANCE.

I. L. SWAN AGT.

JACKSONVILLE, ALA.

Four Good Home Companies to wit.

Georgia Home, Home Protection, Central City, and Columbus Ins. and Building Co., Miss.

May 1st, 1880.

JOB. A. WALDEN. W. H. WOODWARD.

Walden & Woodward, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Jacksonville, Ala.

Will practice in all the Courts of the Circuit, and the Supreme Courts of the State. Prompt attention given to the collection of claims.

W. O. LAND, WATCHMAKER, AND JEWELLER.

Jacksonville, Ala.

Also agent for Meriden CT Table cutlery and silver and plated ware. Also agent for Virginia Watch Co., and other American make May 1st 1880.

S. F. HOBBS, No. 40, Broad St. Selma, Ala.

DEALER IN Watches, Diamonds, FINE JEWELRY, CLOCKS.

Silver and Silver Plated Goods of every style and grade.

ALSO—Pianos and Organs

From the best makers, sold at lowest rates and on easy terms.

If you desire to purchase an Organ or Piano for cash or on time, address us and prices and terms will be furnished. Instruments will be sent on trial, to be returned, if not satisfactory.

Watches Repairing and Engraving Specialties.—May 14th

FRANK W. BOWEN, Rm. 1, Analostan.

BOWDON & ARNOLD, ATTORNEYS AT LAW

AND—Solicitors in Chancery, JACKSONVILLE, ALA.

Will practice in all the Courts of the Circuit, U. S. Dist. Court and Supreme Court of the State. April 24, 1880.

GENIUS REWARDED.

OR THE—Story of the Sewing Machine

A handsome little pamphlet, blue and gold cover, with numerous engravings will be

GIVEN AWAY

to any adult person calling for it, at any branch sub-office of The Singer Manufacturing Company, or will be sent by mail, post paid, to any person living at a distance from our office.

THE SINGER MANUFACTURING CO.

Principal office, 31 Union Square, New York.

SMITH & WIGGS, DEALERS IN—

Family Groceries and Dry Goods.

NEW FIRM, NEW GOODS, NEW PRICES.

Cash Store at Weavers.

We would respectfully announce to our friends, and the public generally, that we have opened out a nice, new, fresh stock of

GROCERIES & DRY GOODS,

at Weavers, and are prepared to supply their wants. We keep flour, meat, meal, sugar, coffee, tobacco, tin-ware, canned goods, powder, shot, keaps and everything wanted in the grocery line. Also, domestic, prints, notions, &c. We will make it to your interest to call and see us.

We sell for Cash & at close figures.

april-3m.

JOHN. T. MOYE, Watchmaker and Jeweller,

DEALER IN—

Watches, Clocks, Jewelry,

Musical Instruments, Spectacles, Silver Plated Ware, Etc.,

MAIN STREET, OXFORD, ALA.

Particular attention paid to repairing fine Watches and Jewelry.

Sewing Machines repaired and warranted to work as good as new.

Needles for all kinds of Sewing Machines on hand. Ap. 2-1y

JACKSONVILLE HOTEL

WEST END PUBLIC SQUARE, Jacksonville, Alabama.

Do not be deceived, but come to the "Only Hotel," where you will find the best of cooks and servants, the best fare, our comfortable and airy parlors, rooms newly fitted up and renovated. We will guarantee satisfaction. Our house will be first class in every respect. Sample room free. Give us a trial.

ROBT. ADAMS, Proprietor.

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CHRISTMAS GOODS,

Of every variety, at

CROW BROS.

A splendid lot of Fancy

Candies,

NUTS, RAISINS,

HEALTH IS WEALTH

Health of Body is Wealth of Mind

The process of repair must be blood is entirely
The SARSAPEARILLIAN RESOLVENT not only
compensating remedy, but secures not only a
action of each of the organs. It establishes
throughout the entire system functional
and supplies the blood vessels with
health, current of new life. The skin, the
few days use of the Sarsaparillian, becomes
and beautiful. Pimples, blotches, blemishes
Skin Eruptions are removed; Sores and
cured. Persons suffering from Scabies,
Diseases of the Eyes, Mouth, Sarsa, Lungs
and Glands, that, have acquired

either from uncured diseases of the blood and system, or from the use of Corrosive Sublimata, may rely upon the cure if the Sarsaparilla is continued a sufficient time to make its impression on the system.

One bottle contains more of the active principles of Medicines than any other preparation taken in teaspoonful doses, while others require five or six times as much.

ONE DOLLAR PER BOTTLE

MINUTE REMEDY.
Only requires MINUTES not HOURS, to relieve
pain and cure acute disease.

RADWAY'S
READY RELIEF

In from one to twenty minutes, never fails to relieve PAIN with only four applications; whether how violent or excruciating the pain, the Rheumatic, Bed-ridden, Influenza, Crippled, Nerves, Salgic or prostrated with disease or sufferer, RAY'S READY RELIEF will afford instantaneous

Inflammation of the Kidneys, Inflammation of the Bladder, Inflammation of the Bowels, Indigestion of the Lungs, Sore Throat, Dyspepsia, Breathing, Painfulities of the Heart, Hysterical Croup, Diphtheria, Catarrh of the Uterus, Headache, Toothache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Stomachache,

CHILLS, AGUE CHILLS, CHIBBAINS AND FEVERS,
Bruises, Summer Complaints, Nauseas,
Sleeplessness, Coughs, Colds, Sprains, Pains
in the Chest, Back, or Limbs are instantly relieved.

FEVER AND AGUE.

FEVER AND AGUE cured for 50 cts. There is
not a remedial agent in this world that will cure
Fever and Ague, and other Malarious, Bilious,
Scarlet, Typhoid, Yellow and other fevers, which
by RADWAY'S PILLS) so quickly as RADWAY'S
READY RELIEF.

It will in a few minutes, when taken according

To the directions, cold Cramps, Spasms, Stomach-
ach, Heartburn, Sick Headache, Diarrhea, Dysen-
tery, Colic, Wind in the Bowels, and all these
Pains.

Travelers should always carry a bottle of Ba-
way's Ready Relief with them. A few drops of
water will prevent sickness or pains from drink-
ing of water. It is better than French Brandy or Rum
as a stimulant.

Miners and Lumbermen should always be pro-
vided with it.

CAUTION.

All remedial agents capable of destroying life in overdose should be avoided. Morphine, opium, strychnine, aconite, hyoscyamine, and other powerful remedies, do at certain times, in very small doses, relieve the patient during their active system. But perhaps the second dose, if repeated, may aggravate and increase the suffering, and the other dose cause death. There is no necessity in using these uncertain agents when a positive remedy like Radway's Ready Relief will stop the most excruciating pain quicker, without endangering the least difficulty in either infant or adult.

THE TRUE RELIEF.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF is the only medicine
agent in vogue that will instantly stop pain.
Fifty Cents Per Bottle.

RADWAY'S
Regulating Pills

Perfect Purgatives, Soothing Aperients, And without Pain, Always Safe and Natural in their Operation.

A VEGETABLE SUBSTITUTE FOR CALOMEL.

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse and strengthen.

RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Acidity, Flatulency, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Warmly recommended as a perfect cure. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals, or deleterious drugs.

Observe the following symptoms resulting from Diseases of the Digestive Organs: Constipation, Inward Piles, Fullness of the Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Heartburn, Disgust of Food, Fullness or Weight in the Stomach, Sinking of the Stomach, Flatulency

thick, sour, glutinous, and
the Heart, Choking or Suffering Sensations with
In a lying posture, Dots or Webs before the Sight
Perspiration, Dull Pain in the Head, Delirium or
Feverishness, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes
Pain in the Side, Breast and Limbs, and Swelling
Fishes of Heat, Burning of the Flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the
system from all the above-named disorders.

Price, 25 Cents Per Box.

We repeat that the reader must consult our books
on Diseases and Remedies.

And papers on the subject of
cure, among which may be named:
"False and True."
"Raid on Frigate Brethren."
"Radway on Scorpura."
And others relating to different classes of Disease.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

READ "FALSE AND TRUE"

Send a letter stamp to RADWAY & CO., No. 31
Warren, Cor. Church St., New York
City. A sample will be sent

The Provident Life Association.

Principal Office, Martinsburg, West Va. The only Mutual Company in the United States doing its own Insurance business, on a plan founded on sound investment principles.

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H. V. MOHN, Gen. Manager,
40 N. 9th Street, Reading, Pa.

JOHN AUG. GORTZ AND MARY FRANKLIN
I LIKE his picture from **ALICE IN CHAINS**, which was the last before he died, from Lawrenceville Prison, New York.
Address him, care of my account of their parents' names.
Address him, ROBERT NEUMANN, Box 890, New York.

FREE 100 NOBELISTS for Autograph
1st Prize, 1pk Translucent Card, 1 pk Star
Cards, 1 pk Escort Cards, 1 pk
Gauges of Flowers, 6 Addressed literary reply
Chemical Puzzles, 6 Addressed literary reply
trial 3 months. All the above sent on receipt of \$5
stamp to cover postage. E. C. Boston, Mass.


KENDALL & CO., Boston, Mass.

Learn Dactylography. Extra Inducements. Send for
U. M. TEL. CO., City Hall, Cleveland, Ohio

FREE A useful and ornamental present, and
particulars of a pleasant and profitable
business for either sex. Enclose stamp and ad-
dress. H. J. ERAMEN, Danville, Pa. Box 25

50 Scrap pictures, 10c. 50 small or 25 large. *See*
mania, 10c. J. A. WILSON, Philadelphia, Pa.

NOTICE Good prices paid for fruit growers
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Jacksonville Republican

"THE PRICE OF LIBERTY IS ETERNAL VIGILANCE."

VOLUME XLII.

JACKSONVILLE, ALABAMA, SATURDAY, APRIL 15, 1882.

WHOLE NO. 2348

THE REPUBLICAN.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING BY

F. & L. W. GRANT.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

One year in advance \$2.00

Three months in advance \$1.00

Terms of Advertising:

One square of 10 lines or less, first insertion \$1.00

Second insertion \$0.50

Third insertion \$0.30

Longer advertisements at special rates.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF CANDIDATES.

County Offices \$5.00

State Offices \$10.00

Communications affecting the claims of candidates charged at advertisements.

Rates of Advertising:

One square of 10 lines, three months \$1.00

One square of 10 lines, six months \$2.00

One square of 10 lines, one year \$3.00

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One square of 10 lines, one year \$3.00

Longer advertisements at special rates.

BREVITY OF LIFE.

We are born; we laugh; we weep; We fight and die; We live; we love; and then, ere long, Sweet death we die. Who knows that secret deep? Alas, not I!

Why do the violet spring Unseen by human eye? Why do the radiant seasons bring Sweet thoughts that quickly die? Who do our fond hearts cling To things that die?

We toil through pain and wrong; We fight and die; We live; we love; and then, ere long, Sweet death we die. O life, is all thy song; "Ere long" and "die!"

LAURA'S MISTAKE.

Laura had been making out a bill. Miss Hayden, To Laura Stetson, Dr. Sins overset. Paid on same. 12 00 Ruthing shirt, seven bias runies, corded on. 15 00 Belt, with ash ends braided. 15 00 Total. \$42 00

"That's all," said the tired girl, letting her pencil drop, and breathing a sigh of relief.

"I hope she will pay you to-night," murmured Mrs. Stetson.

"She is well aware of our needs," was the reply. "At the same time she carries her old habit of saving into her new life, for she has not yet learned to charge one-half the price that a regular dressmaker would. She would have to pay Mrs. Joliffe \$100 at the least."

"Well, it's a shame," replied her mother, "that you can't get the regular price when you do your work as well. Time was when your father could have bought and sold Walter Hayden; and now you must work your fingers off for his daughter, who has neither your education, nor—"

"Oh, don't mamma!" pleaded Laura, with a little laugh that was partly hysterical. "You only make it worse for me, you see, calling up old times. Just say it will all come right in the fall, as papa used to, and with the smile still on her lips, she turned her troubled eyes away."

For poor, proud Laura, earning a scanty living for her mother and herself, had a memory of the Haydens hidden in her heart.

When Bart Hayden had gone away, only a year before, she had thought of him for months after, nay, even till now with quickened pulse and heightened color. The Haydens were not wealthy then; but within a short time they had come into a fortune, and it was rumored that young Bart was also growing rich through lucky speculation.

It was just nine months since the death of Laura's father. He had dropped down suddenly, while apparently in the full enjoyment of health; and after the funeral it was found that his affairs were in a very tangled condition. In fact only a small house was left to the widow, through the consideration of which, and that far from comfortably furnished.

Laura, the child of wealth and fashion, her father's idol, a delicate, thoroughly bred, elegant girl, who had heretofore stunted herself in the warm rays of prosperity, and hardly knew whether she had a heart or not, proved herself a heroine. Whatever she could find to do she worked at with all her heart. Plain sewing, embroidery, dressmaking, for which she had a talent, and concerning which she had often laughingly said that if she had not been rich she might have been famous, everything was undertaken willingly. She accepted the situation, though not without some struggles with pride and many secret tears.

Mrs. Stetson thought of the time when a carriage was at the call of her beautiful daughter.

"Dear, can't I take it?" she asked, gazing at her anxiously. "You look ill."

"I am ill—that is, my head aches; but the walk will do me good," Laura responded, trying to look bright. "Do you think I would let you carry home my work? No, indeed!" and she bent over and kissed her mother's forehead.

Out in the open air she felt better. The nervous depression from which she suffered gradually left her, and she became interested in the sights and sounds about her. Some of her former acquaintances passed her, a few with a nod of recognition, but most without noticing her at all—little things these were, but she held her bundle firmly, lifted her head a trifle higher, and passed bravely on. Turning a corner she came full upon an unexpected tableau. A smartly dressed boy, with a feather in his cap, kicked and struggled with his nurse, who vainly pulled the obstinate child till her face was purple.

"Why, Lucy! Why, Benny!" exclaimed Laura, for the girl was nurse-maid to the Haydens, and Benny the youngest hope of the house. "What's all this?"

"Deed miss he's awful," said the girl, nearly crying. "When he makes up his mind, it's a tiger he is, miss. Just see him now?"

Laura spoke a few words to the boy in a low tone, and he ceased struggling for a moment.

"We're all at sixes and sevens," said the nurse, "and the misses is orn't nervous. Mr. Bart's just returned from California, without no warning, and brought a beautiful young lady with him. I do suppose it's his wife, from what I heard—and it's quite upset the misses, and made such a time. Now, there's that policeman; so you better come."

Laura heard, and for a moment stood and houses whirled round so that she had much ado to keep herself from fainting. The words rang in her ears, "I do suppose it's his wife." The strange and sudden revulsion of feeling passed, however, leaving her deadly pale. Certainly, Bart had a perfect right to get married; a perfect right to forget her—of course he had. Men had done such things ever since the flood, and would probably to the end of time.

The blood burnt her face now; but as she came in sight of the dwelling it

receded, leaving her pale and almost faint.

She stormed at herself for being so supremely foolish; but the tears were very near her tired eyes, for all that. Huge trunks blocked up the hall. A loud, cheery voice sounded, that struck woefully against her heart; and the first person she saw was stalwart, handsome Bart Hayden, just coming forward as he issued his orders to the men who were taking the boxes up stairs.

"Laura—my dear Miss Stetson!" exclaimed the young man, hurrying toward her.

But Laura's face was like steel. She made a cold little bow.

"Welcome home, Mr. Hayden," she said, in a set, cold voice. "I came to bring some—"

"—something for your sister. I generally go to her room. Is she there."

He fell back a little. Strange how the light went out of his face.

"I—I rather think she may be engaged," he said in a blundering confused way, there might have been a little anger in the voice, "but—yes, perhaps you had better go up," and he turned on his heel.

"He didn't like to speak of his wife and no wonder," half sobbed Laura to herself.

"What in the deuce makes her not so coldly?" muttered young Hayden; then in a tender voice, "but she might have seemed just the least bit glad to see me. I think," and then he kicked a box out of his path, and went moodily to the door.

Anne Hayden was alone.

"So glad you brought it," she cried; "and, oh! doesn't it look beautiful?" and she shook out the creamy satin with exclamations of delight.

"Sit down, won't you? I've so much to tell you. Bart has come home."

"Yes, I know it; but I can't wait—not a moment. It must be getting dusk and—and—"

"She grew desperate with the fear that Anne should see the tears, and stopping snatched up the bill, and placed it in the hand of her patroness.

"Oh, so sorry! Suppose you wait a mind waiting for the pay till next week?"

"We are out of coal and wood," said Laura, her cheeks crimson; "and in fact, we need the money."

"Dear me! Dear me! I was so thoughtless as to spend every cent I had. But stop—I'll go down and ask Bart."

Laura felt as if she could sink through the floor.

"Stop!" she said, detaining Anne by a hold on the arm, her face quite white and proud again. "I can wait never mind."

"I'll run around, perhaps. Must you go? You don't know how much I've to tell you. Well, then, good night."

Laura had not worn her veil. The tears were running down her cheeks as she hastily descended the steps of the house, and Bart Hayden who happened to be there, saw them. Oh! the humiliation to that proud spirit! She threw a half-dutiful glance at the pitying face; then, with a gesture that repelled him, she almost flew down the street, without hardly drawing a breath till she was at home.

How dreary and meager it all looked! The few cheap dishes, the scanty table cloth, the half-covered floor, the worn out chairs on chairs and lounge.

"I'm dreadfully tired, mamma; let me lie down," she cried in a suppressed voice and threw herself on the creaking old lounge.

"What is the matter, my darling? I see—she didn't pay, of course; and not a stick of wood in the house. Oh! the heartlessness, the wickedness of those who are rich!"

A loud rap. Laura hid her face. Her mother answered the call and in strode Bart Hayden, almost defiantly.

"At least you will welcome me, Mrs. Stetson," he said, the old, rueful ring in his voice.

Laura sat up, calm and cold again.

"Anne sent this by me," he said, and laid a sealed envelope on the table.

"When did you get home?" asked Mrs. Stetson as soon as she had recovered from her surprise.

"Only a few hours ago," was Bart's reply. "I brought cousin Jack's wife with me; she was ordered home for her health, and Jack couldn't leave, so I took Mattie in charge. Poor girl, I am afraid home is not going to help her much, or indeed, anything else."

Laura made an almost imperceptible movement. She was far from cold now; her very temples burned.

"Well, good night," he said, stealing a glance at Laura as he rose, after answering Mrs. Stetson's inquiries, "I've done my errand; and Mrs. Stetson, you, at least, will let me come sometimes and talk with you, won't you, for the sake of old times?"

"To be sure!" was the quick answer, "if you will come to so humble a place. You see how the wheel has gone round with us. Poor Mr. Stetson—"

"Yes, I heard," he said pityingly, "long ago." Anne wrote me. But I am not one of the fickle kind, Mrs. Stetson."

This with a reproachful glance at Laura.

"Good night!" he said the next minute and bowed to both women.

He had reached the door, when a faint voice called:

"Bart!"

He came back with half-suppressed eagerness in his manner; his glance wary, but anxious.

"I was just a little rude to-night," she said, looking dangerously beautiful in her humility. "Please forget it."

"Indeed I will," and he seized her pretty hands, his eyes radiant. "I understand—you were always such a sensitive little creature! So you forgive me, eh?" he blundered.

"It was you who were to forgive me, I believe," said Laura, demurely, her lips quivering, ready to cry and to laugh, too.

"Mrs. Stetson, will you allow me to whisper?" asked straightforward Bart.

"Certainly," said the old lady, her heart beating quicker. What was going to happen? Had poverty done its

worst for them? Was there, indeed, bright hope for the future?

Bart put his full shining head close to Laura's ear, and the second time said the mystic words that had so long lingered in her memory.

Laura did not repulse him. He felt then that her heart belonged to him, that it had never gone out to any other.

Cold and Damp.

We wish to refer to certain errors and causes of disease, that are not rare in cold and damp seasons of the year. Catching cold is not often induced by exposure to simple cold, but where cold combines with damp, the company may do a large amount of harm. The first error, worthy of thought, is wearing an overcoat, or furs in a well warmed church during the usual services. Possibly such garments may be needed to ward such weathers into a due degree of interest in the subject the preacher may discuss.

It can hardly be necessary to say, that damp clothing on entering the house should be removed, lest it should increase the radiation of heat and so rapidly reduce the temperature of the skin and more and more augment the sad results. Those who are feeble and delicate, may take a warm bath, or soak their feet, rub the surface to a glow and drink and eat, but not milk, beef tea, or best of all, hot lemonade. These hot drinks may safely urge the heart to increased activity, drive the blood to the outer surface and relieve the fullness of the inner organs.

A second error, in damp and chilly seasons of the year is exposure to a draught of air, as sitting at an open window, or in an open door, or at the corner of a street or sitting in a vehicle with back open.

It is as possible, these exposures as much as possible, and equally wise, protect the chest by extra clothing, lest a draught of cold and damp should check the perspiration and drive the blood to the inner organs and thus induce suffering and disease.

Another error, or way of catching cold is putting on overcoats that have been long hanging in some cold place. Cold outer garments should be somewhat warmed, before they are put on, and then when we reach our homes, let the garment remain upon the person until its chill has been removed. A still other way of catching cold is thinly covering the feet. For several years we have worn cotton stockings and over them woolen ones. This way of clothing the end of the lower limbs we have found sufficient to keep our feet dry and warm, instead of moist and cold. Rubber over shoes should not be worn for any length of time. They increase the perspiration of the feet, check the evaporation and leave the feet damp and cold. Rubber boots are worse than shoes, because they generate a larger amount of perspiration and lessen the amount of evaporation, and so soon place the feet in a sodden state. Those who have tender feet and so suffer are in a dangerous condition. Such is the connection of the lungs and feet, that the coldness and dampness of the latter imply that the lungs are inclined to become feverish. Ladies, especially should know their feet warm and dry. For this purpose arctic are efficient. If riding, or if not, in cold and wet season, the should wear thick woolen hose and the arctic made expressly for their use. Cold and dampness of the feet indicate poor circulation of the blood and may be usually removed by plunging them into cold water, wiping them dry and then rubbing them vigorously with mittens of crash, or of hair.

If simply rubbing the feet does not promote the circulation of blood rub them with pulverized ginger. This treatment may need pursuing for several weeks, but the time and labor spent will amply be repaid.

Rubber over-coats or cloaks are by no means healthy. They retain too much heat and perspiration and prevent evaporation not of the feet alone, but of the whole surface of the body. They should not be worn except when absolutely necessary, and for a short time. In the winter condition of the skin they usually produce they expose the wearers in cold seasons of the year to the danger of catching cold. Children running from the inner to the outer air expose themselves so often to taking cold, that they need the constant watching of the mother. They need complete suits of under-clothing. They need thick stockings and over-leggings, and thick coats and cotton and woolen socks, when they expose themselves to the inclemency of our usual winter weather. Fine mother may need to often change their clothing so as to adapt it to the temperature in which they live and move. Children should have more clothing rather than more heat by artificial means, or if the sleeping-rooms be too warm the clothing should be gradually diminished.

Experience must teach the mother, how much children need and not produce perspiration, which is always to be avoided, because it makes the skin delicate and tender. In sleep the body loses nearly one degree of temperature. All the functions are less active in waking hours. Delicate children or adults who easily take cold may wear overalls of flannels. Those children who are restless and throw their arms and legs about may need woolen socks attached to their flannel overalls. Some children are in the constant habit of throwing off the bed clothes. For such children we have repeatedly advised that the night clothing be a cotton and flannel overall with stocking attached, in place of cotton and flannel gown.

A Sensitive Father.

Senator Sawyer is one of the most practical of rich men. He called his daughters to him one day, and asked them as a testimony of their affection for him, to learn to make their own clothes and cook a good dinner. The young girls cheerfully promised, and not long after invited their parents and a few friends to dine. They cooked the perfect dinner themselves, and each wore a dainty gown made by her own hands. So pleased was the Senator that he gave to each one of them a check for \$25,000.

How to Decorize Stables.

We often wonder why the occupants of large costly dwellings permit stables for horses and the pits adjoining holding the excreta so close to the house, and have hostlers and coachmen to come there, to kitchen and dining-rooms, with rank-smelling person and clothing. When yellow corn, mixed with mill feed is fed to horses generally, or hard-husked old oats given to old horses that cannot duly masticate and consequently fully digest them, the droppings and urine are unusually acid, and will badly scent whatever absorbents are about. All this error, worthy of thought, is wearing an overcoat, or furs in a well warmed church during the usual services. Possibly such garments may be needed to ward such weathers into a due degree of interest in the subject the preacher may discuss.

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John Jacob Astor's Start.

A business acquaintance of Mr. Astor once asked him what particular transaction, or peculiar kind of business, first gave him his great start. He said, in reply, that at one period of his life he had accumulated a large quantity of furs, such as beaver, which were unsaleable in the American market, and they were packed away in whisky barrels down in the cellar. He had no correspondent in London to send them to, and no disposition to do so if he had. After talking the matter over with his wife, they concluded it would be advisable that he should take the furs to London himself, and he did so. The prospects of the venture were very uncertain, and therefore, in order to economize as much as possible, he went out as a storage passenger. On arriving in London he found a ready market for his furs, and sold them at a very high rate. He then made a list of such goods as he thought would sell to advantage in the New York market, and purchased and shipped them. After he had transacted all his business he was detained in London for a couple of weeks in consequence of the ship not being ready to sail. He employed the time in looking about London and picking up all the information possible, especially such as he thought would benefit his business in New York. Among the places he visited was the great East India house, and the warehouses and offices of the Company. On one occasion he asked one of the porters what the name of the governor was. The man replied, giving a German name very familiar to Mr. Astor, who then asked if the governor was an Englishman, and was told that he had come from Germany when a boy. Mr. Astor thereupon determined to see him, and watching for an opportunity, sent his name and was admitted. On entering he asked the governor, "Is not your name Wilhelm?" "Did you not go to school in such a town?" The Governor replied, "I did; and now I remember your very well." A long conversation followed, old school days were talked over, and the Governor insisted that Mr. Astor should dine with him. He declined for that day, but on the next day they met again. He asked Mr. Astor if there was nothing he could do for him. Mr. Astor said he had bought all he wanted, and needed neither cash nor credit. They met several times after that, and the Governor continued urging Mr. Astor to name some thing he could do for him. He asked what present would be acceptable, and Mr. Astor declined accepting any. Their last meeting took place two days before the sailing of the vessel on which Mr. Astor was to return to New York, and for the last time the Governor asked him if he would accept any present he made him. Mr. Astor, seeing the anxiety of the Governor, replied, "yes." The Governor, who was much affected at parting with his old German schoolmate, handed Mr. Astor two papers, saying, "I take these, you may find them useful. One of the documents was simply a Canton price current. The other was a carefully engrossed permit or parchment, authorizing the ship that bore it to trade freely and without molestation, at any of the ports monopolized by the East India Company. Mr. Astor returned to New York, without giving the documents a second thought. He had no ships and never had any trade with the East Indies, and at that time never expected to have. He then, of course, little imagined that the parchment would be the foundation of vast shipping operations and a trade amounting to millions of dollars and embracing the Pacific Ocean.

The permit was No. 68. On arriving home Mr. Astor showed the document to his wife, and asked her advice, as he always did in all matters relating to his business, as to what disposition he should make of them. "I have no ships; it is no

use to us," he said. At that time there was in New York a merchant named James Livermore, who was largely engaged in the West Indian trade, particularly with Jamaica. He owned several vessels, some of them good size, and Mrs. Astor advised her husband to go and have a talk with him. Mr. Astor went, showed the East India Company ship pass, and the Canton prices current, and "now," said he, "if you will make up a voyage for one of your largest ships, you can have the pass and the prices current on one condition: You are to furnish ship and cargo, but I am to have one-half of the profits for my pass and for suggesting the voyage." The West India merchant laughed at the proposition, and would not listen to such a one-sided operation. Mr. Astor returned home, reported progress, and for a time the matter rested. Mr. Livermore, however, thought it over. At that time no vessels traded to Canton from New York. The Revolutionary War had just ended, and the East India ports were as hermetically sealed to American commerce as if it had not existed. Only a few weeks elapsed before Mr. Livermore called at Mr. Astor's store and asked: "Were you in earnest the other day when you showed me the pass of the East India Company?"

"I was never more so," was the prompt reply, and again they talked over the matter. Mr. Livermore finally thought he saw his way clear, and an agreement was signed by which Mr. Astor was to receive one-half the profits, and Mr. Livermore to furnish vessel and cargo. The ship was selected and loaded partly with specie, Spanish milled dollars, about \$30,000, and the other half was ginseng, a root somewhat resembling licorice, which is highly valued as a medicine by the Chinese, and lard and scrap iron. The ship sailed for Canton, and the pass enabled her to anchor at Whampoa, a few miles below that city, and she loaded and unloaded her cargo the same as if she had been a vessel belonging to the East India Company. The ginseng, which cost twenty cents per pound in New York, was sold for \$3.50 per pound in Canton. The lard and scrap iron also brought enormous prices. The vessel was then loaded with tea and sold in New York at \$1 per pound profit on cost in Canton. When the return cargo was sold and the accounts made up, Mr. Astor's half share, which was \$55,000, in silver, was packed in barrels and sent up to the store. When Mrs. Astor saw the barrels she asked what was in them. "The fruits of our East India pass," replied her husband. Mr. Astor got his pass back, packed a ship, loaded her with an assorted cargo, and dispatched her to Canton. On her voyage out she touched at Sandwich Islands to take in water and fresh provisions and a large stock of firewood was also taken on board. On the arrival of the vessel at Canton a Mandarin came on board, and noticing the firewood, immediately asked the price of it. The captain laughed at such a question, but signified that he was open for an offer. The Mandarin offered \$500 a ton and it was all sold at that price

SATURDAY, APR 15 1882.

According to a few papers in the State convicts are not treated cruelly; yet Judge Randolph, of Montgomery county, has just found two men over to the circuit court for the killing of one in the lower part of that county. But perhaps that is merely a "hypothetical case." We shall wait to hear from the Livingston Journal before saying more.

"That Georgia Youth" was a good send to the "artful dodger" of the Livingston Journal. The youth is to that paper both a shield and safe protection. Aim a searching question at the editor of the Journal, and duck goes his head behind the ample rear of the unhappy youth.

Convicting of garbling a Legislative Committee Report by omission of parts unfavorable to his side of the question, and the answer is, "that youth was 23 years old and not 16, as Warden Baulthead says."

Ask him if the employers of convict labor do not inflict punishment not warranted by law, and he replies, "that youth never served a day for payment of costs in the pistol case," ignoring the fact that he was illegally sentenced to hard labor for the payment of costs in this case, when the State had not proceeded, and that he only escaped the degradation of additional labor for these costs by paying money through his brother, that the "court" illegally wrested from him.

Call his attention specifically to the indiscriminate mixing of the felon and misdemeanor classes on the chain gangs, and ask him if there is no room for reform here, and he shouts for answer, "that Georgia Youth was a regular knock-down-and-drag-out kind of fellow; moreover it is supposed he was not from Georgia, but from Tennessee; moreover he never was from anywhere, but a mere fiction—an invention."

With such stuff as this does the Journal combat the advocates of reform in our convict system. But for the story of that youth, we doubt if the Journal would ever have had the courage to enter into the discussion.

The "Georgia Youth," we repeat, is a rampart, a bomb proof, to the Journal. When hard pressed, it flies to the protection of the ample rear of that lusty youth, and fires its squibs at opponents from a safe, if not well chosen quarter.

The Solus Times has played out," the Astorville, Ala., is another fact, and has taken the "back-track," and with the exception of the Jacksonville Republican, all the papers which, according to the Mountain Home, have done such gallant work in unmasking the wretches of the convict system, are silent as the tomb.—Fort Payne Journal.

We think the Journal is incorrect, so far as the Times is concerned. That paper pursued a distinctive branch of the subject and exhausted all that there was in it. Then and only then it ceased. The advocates of reform in the convict system owe much to the Times. It could speak six times a week, and did more than was in the power of any weekly paper to arouse public attention to this subject. As to the Argus, we were never able to exactly locate it on this question from first to last. We think the silence of the press is more attributable to exhaustion than to the subject than to a desire to abandon the work in hand.—reform.

One Robert S. Greene, the paid physician at Newbern, Georgia, is out in a long letter about the treatment of convicts, at the request of the Iron Age. If Dr. Green has any regard for his own reputation, he will have as little to say as possible about this matter. He could not keep his "job" and express sentiments other than he does. He alludes to "disgraced politicians," by which we suppose he means those who advocate reform in the convict system. Granting that the reform was motivated by political motives, we ask the doctor which is more honorable, to do for pay or for political effect?—Fort Payne Journal.

But hold on Smith. Your zeal carries you too far. One side, ("one of whom you are which") have not been lying, either for pay or political effect.

Crop Items.

The Atlanta Constitution has received letters from the agricultural commissioners of several of the Southern States, and from private sources in others, on the subject of the crops. In Tennessee, the increased acreage sown in oats is put down 50 per cent. Only a slight increase in corn and tobacco, and a slight decrease in the cotton acreage. The use of fertilizers has increased.

In North Carolina, the increase in the acreage of wheat, rye and oats is 325 per cent.; that of cotton 15 per cent. A slight increase in the corn acreage is reported and cotton remains the same. Demand for fertilizers about the same.

In South Carolina, partial reports show an increase in acreage in wheat 25 per cent.; in oats 50 per cent.; corn acreage about the same. Crops in all fine condition.

In Georgia, the wheat acreage has increased from 20 to 30 per cent. and cotton will fall off 50 per cent. Corn about the same and oats largely increased. The demand for fertilizers has fallen off from 30 to 50 per cent.

In Mississippi the oat and corn acreage show an increase of 10 per cent. while cotton has fallen off on account of the overflow.

Arkansas estimates an increase of 25 per cent. in the corn and grain crops and a falling off of 25 per cent. in the cotton crop.

Alabama reports a large increase in the area devoted to small grain, and preparations making for an extensive corn crop. There will be a decrease in the area of the cotton crop, and the sale of fertilizers has fallen off at least 25 per cent. The oat crop is in fine condition and promises a large yield.

Now after reading the above don't you turn fool and plant all cotton, thinking it is going to be high priced this winter. Make enough to feed the farm, and then

the price of cotton will not be so much of a life and death question with you. Make enough to feed the farm, and you won't have to spend all your cotton crop (high priced or low priced) for something to eat next spring and summer. Don't forget that something else can be high, to wit, corn, now selling at \$1.50 per bushel, on time. In this connection we invite the attention of our readers to the clipping below. It shows that cotton, after all, is not the most profitable crop that can be grown, taking the expense of cultivation and picking into consideration.

Land that is rich enough to make a bushel of cotton in the year will produce 35 bushels of corn and half that amount of peas, or 50 bushels of corn and peas. These will usually bring about \$1 a bushel. If a man plants and cultivates all the corn and peas he can save, and another on the same kind of land plants and cultivates all the cotton he can make and save which crop will bring the most clear money after all expenses in sending to market are paid?

Agitation among the Mormons—Looking to the Legislature for Some Action.

SALT LAKE, April 8.—A Mormon spring conference met yesterday. The attendance was slim and proceedings tame. There is a great ferment in the Mormon mind, and the church leaders seem unable or unwilling to sound any rallying cry. The Mormons are heard to repeat that Brigham Young is not alive. They recall that he contemplated abandoning polygamy if the Reynolds decision was against it, and demand that the present church leaders shall openly announce their submission to law or their intention to continue to defy it. Their instruction to polygamists to find separate houses for their plural wives is regarded as cowardly, and is creating dissatisfaction among the Mormon women.

The coming constitutional convention is expected to provide against a further extension of polygamous marriages, but what the people already in polygamy are to do gives the most concern. Some polygamists have sent away their plural wives. Others have not, and say they will not. Although greatly disturbed as to the possible consequences, they say they are willing to suffer political disfranchisement and aid in stepping further polygamous marriages, but they will not abandon their plural families, and they fear prosecution if they do not. The women have suddenly acquired greatly increased importance. Polygamists will probably not endeavor to be registered for voting by the election commission. They expect to be able to elect monogamous Mormons to all offices. Nevertheless, there is a great rush for naturalization papers. There would be but little disposition among the gentiles to disturb the existing polygamous relations if the church would stop the practice where it is, but they show no disposition to do that, or those who do have the disposition lack the courage to act.

Death in the Pulpit.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 10.—Rev. L. Hamilton, pastor of the Independent Church at Oakland, died suddenly yesterday morning in his pulpit. During his discourse he paused in his sermon and sinking down expired almost instant. He was sixty years of age and well known on the Pacific coast.

FRANK JAMES.

He Pens a Letter to a Memphis Paper and tells about Jesse and I.

MEMPHIS, April 8.—The Appeal tomorrow publishes the following letter, purporting to be from Frank James, brother of the murdered outlaw, Jesse James. It was received at the Appeal office this morning. The letter is written on a blank page of a hotel register, the name of which has been carefully cut out. It is a letter to be authentic, and is published just as received, word for word, point for point:

MEMPHIS, TENN., April 4, 1882.—Editor of the Appeal: I seen in Tuesday paper that my brother Jesse James was killed. I left Tuesday evening this place by parts unknown. Every day I can pick up a paper and see our name in it. There is not a robbery committed but what it is Jesse and I. We are not guilty of any of the robberies that has been done in the last three years. We have never robbed a southern man, in our lives, if we knew it. If we did, we would give it back to him, for there is one of your citizen here that remembers the time we robbed the stage near Hot Springs. We give him his money back, but the blue coats never got his money back. A little revenge don't hurt no one, for Jesse have had a little and I expect to have a little more. Just think how my poor father was killed by the dam Blue Devils and how they come out into the field where I was playing and take the line off of my horse and hang me to my own brother. Only for Jesse I would of died. Well, we began waylaying Yankees, and getting one by one for about one year, and we joined a mob here by the name of Quantrell. We had thirty-seven men then, and we made things hot now and then. I have traveled nearly all over the world since the war, and the Jesse would stay close to home. Old Pinkerton thought he could get us, but after one by Pinkerton and three others not killed, they let up. They don't want us, but think of me to my brother. They had just as well hang Bob Ford for we have friends all over the country that would shoot him as a dog. I have a friend that will drop this in your box after I leave, and I hope you will oblige FRANK JAMES.

On the bottom margin of the first page was written: "In a big hurry," and on the top margin of the reverse page was this apology: "The only paper I could get."

Crops in Arkansas.

LITTLE ROCK, April 8.—Crop estimates received from Fort Smith show that about one-tenth of the tillable soil of Northwestern Arkansas has been sown with wheat. The acreage of corn has been increased fully 25 per cent. while that of cotton is at least 15 per cent. less than before. Farmers are paying much more attention this season to the grasses and the cereals. The recent condition of crops is all that could be desired.

Condition of the Wheat Crop.

FREMONT, O., April 8.—Mr. J. M. Bell, superintendent of the Fremont Harvester Works, has recently sent inquiries to some 250 points in Ohio, Michigan and Indiana in regard to the condition of the wheat crop. In Michigan, Indiana, Eastern and Southern Ohio

the wheat is reported in splendid condition. About twenty-five counties in Northwestern Ohio report the crop badly damaged on the low lands.

Rome Cotton Manufacturing Co.

Rome Courier.

A temporary organization was effected yesterday for a cotton factory in Rome. All the stock originally contemplated has been taken and \$25,000 more have asked for. The original movers in the enterprise are now considering the propriety of enlarging their plans, and we hope will conclude to do so. There are many expenses that would be made for \$5,000 spindles than for 2,000 each such as an engineer, superintendent, foreman, bookkeeper, etc.; and it seems to us that even economy would require a factory of considerable capacity. The council has been liberal, and the whole community will rejoice in the success of this enterprise, and we hope and believe the Rome Cotton Factory will soon be a source of pride and gratification to all of her citizens.

Fearful Fatality.

PHILADELPHIA, April 9.

An astonishing case of fatality in which three sisters died within an hour was reported to the coroner to-day. About ten o'clock last night Mrs. Winsmore went to her bed room to retire for the night when she heard a noise in her sister's room. Upon reaching her room, Mrs. Winsmore found Mrs. Watson in a dying condition. Medical assistance was promptly summoned and Mrs. Smith was also sent for. Physicians found Mrs. Watson in a serious condition and administered ammonia, but she did not revive and expired in a few minutes. Before they had recovered from their astonishment Mrs. Winsmore was overcome and fell to the floor in an unconscious state and in ten minutes she died. In ten minutes more Mrs. Smith the third sister was a corpse. All are supposed to have died from natural causes.

More of the Train Robbing.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark.; April 9.

A Dallas special says: The north bound train of the Gulf Colorado & Santa Fe railroad was stopped and robbed, Friday night, at a water station called Blum, by six masked men, who entered the train with cocked revolvers and forced the passengers to give up their money and valuables. No resistance was offered and the robbers escaped with from five to thirteen hundred dollars.

Fort Payne Journal.

It is amusing to see the avility with which the Haynesville Examiner seizes upon articles from the Livingston Journal and parades them before its readers in all the italics and editorial endorsement. We sympathize with the Examiner in that it can find on your paper from which to copy sixty flings at those newspapers which are disposed to respect the dictates of humanity; to heed the demand of justice, and to listen to the voice of reason and common sense. We would suggest that the Examiner would do itself credit and its readers justice by giving the latter some insight into the other side of the question, unless it is afraid such a course would ruin its own case, in which it is no doubt correct.

Bill Arp's Balance Wheel.

Atlanta Constitution. I'm glad to see the independents waking up. It's all for the good of the people and will keep the old democracy on its good behavior. Nochi gals having sentinel on the watch towers. Sometimes the party goes to fast and those Independents act like a balance wheel a regulator, a brake—sorter like Timmy Ruckler's yearling, for they say when Timmy was a boy he tried for an hour to drive a yearling out of the pasture and finally he got him by the tail and they run and run and bellowed and run until somebody hollowed to him and said: "Timmy you can't hold that yearling; what are you trying to do?" I know I can't hold him," said Timmy, "but I can make him go slow."

Cotton Factors.

Courier-Journal, 20th: A certain boat coming up the Mississippi during the flood, the other day lost her way and bumped up against a framed house. She hadn't more than touched it before an old darky rained his head up through a hole in the roof where the chimney once came out and yelled to the Captain, "Wtar de debil is you gwine wit dat boat? Cant yer see nuffin? Fast thing you knows yer gwine ter turn dis house ober" spilt de ole ooman ar' de chil' out in de flood and drown 'em! What yer doin out heah in de country with yer damn boat anyhow? fo on back yander froo de co'n fields and git back in de river whar yer belongs. Ain't got no business seven miles out in de country foolin round people's houses, nohow!" The boat backed out.

An Irishman, watching a game of base ball was sent to grass by a foul. A low, was at Bagorra, I thought it was a winder!

"How do you manage," said a lady to her friend, "to appear so happy all the time?" "I always have Parker's Ginger Tonic handy," was the reply, "and thus keep myself and family in good health. When I am well I always feel good natured." See other column, April 8.

Sheriff Sale.

By virtue of a f. f. issued from the Circuit Court of Calhoun county against James A. Gladden and in favor of Samuel H. McClain, I will sell before the Court House door in the town of Jacksonville, within the legal hours of sale, to the highest bidder for cash, on Monday, the 15th day of May, the following property, to-wit: one claybank horse, one sorrel horse and one bay mare, as the property of the said James A. Gladden.

JAMES B. FARMER, Sheriff.

Attachment Notice. COWAN & SLAUGHTER, PLEA.

C. C. JOHNSON, Deft. Samuel Noble, Woodstock Iron Company and Anniston Manufacturing Company, Garnishees.

Whereas, Cowan & Slaughter having applied to the undersigned, a Justice of the Peace for Calhoun county, in due form of law, for an attachment against the estate of C. C. Johnson and obtained the same; also, by a writ of garnishment which has been returned, served on Samuel Noble and Samuel Noble, Secretary and Treas. of the Woodstock Iron Co. and Anniston Manufacturing Company; and whereas, the said C. C. Johnson is a non-resident of the State of Alabama, and that his residence is in the State of Tennessee, post-office Morris-town; Now the said C. C. Johnson is hereby notified of the pendency of said suit, and that if the said defendant, C. C. Johnson, does not appear before me in the council chamber of Oxford, Ala., on the 8th day of May, 1882, I will proceed to give judgment as the merits of the cause may demand, in the same manner as if the said C. C. Johnson were present to answer and defend; and will proceed to issue execution as the law directs. Given under my hand, this 13th March, 1882.

J. S. KELLY, J. P.

ADMINISTRATORS SALE.

Valuable Timbered Land. Under and by virtue of an order of the Probate court of Calhoun county, Alabama, made on the 15th day of February, 1882, I will, as the Administrator of the estate of Robert Jones, deceased, proceed to sell on Monday the 1st day of May, 1882, on the premises of said deceased at public outcry to the highest bidder for cash, the following described lands belonging to said estate, to-wit: Lots Nos. 13 and 19 of fractional Sec. 31, T. 12 S., R. 11 E., and N. W. 1/4 of Section 6, T. 13 N., R. 11 E., lying near the line of Calhoun and Cleburne county, Ala.

W. C. SAVAGE, Administrator.

April 5—4t.

NOTICE.

Is hereby given that books for subscription to the capital stock of the Alabama & Georgia Railroad Company will be opened in Jacksonville, Calhoun county, Alabama, thirty days from this date, at the office of J. H. Caldwell.

HUGH HEARY, T. H. GRIFFITH, D. W. DRAPER, D. W. DRAPER, JOHN H. LEE, A. L. WOODBERRY, JAMES CROOK, L. M. JACKSON, And others.)

Tax Assessor's Notice.

Last Round.

I will attend the places mentioned, at time stated, for the purpose of assessing the State and county tax for the year 1882.

Precept No. 7, Hall's north's, Monday, April 24, 1882.
No. 6, P. O. 11th, Tuesday, April 25, 1882.
No. 5, P. O. 12th, Wednesday, Feb. 26, 1882.
No. 14, Sulphur Springs, Thursday, Feb. 27, 1882.
No. 4, G. W. S. Schoolhouse, Friday, February 28, 1882.
No. 2, Alexandria, Saturday, April 29, 1882.
No. 11, White, 1st, Monday, May 1, 1882.
No. 12, Old schoolhouse near Morris' Mills, Tuesday, May 2, 1882.
No. 17, De Arroyo, Wednesday, May 3, 1882.
No. 13, Oxford, Thursday, May 4, 1882.
No. 15, Anderson, Friday, May 5, 1882.
No. 3, June 6th, Monday, May 8, 1882.
No. 10, Rabbit Run, Tuesday, May 9, 1882.
No. 1, Jacksonville, Wednesday, May 10, 1882.
No. 8, Green's Schoolhouse, Thursday, May 11, 1882.
No. 9, Cross Plains, Friday, May 12, 1882.
No. 16, Ladiga, Saturday, May 13, 1882.
All persons will please meet me promptly at the above places with lists of their property and save trouble and expense.

A. B. LEDBETTER, Tax Ass'r Calhoun Co.

May 25—td.

H. L. STEVENSON, L. W. GRANT.

STEVENSON & GRANT, Real Estate Agents.

JACKSONVILLE, ALA.

Real estate bought and sold. Books open at law office of Mr. Stevenson.

WOODRUFF & NORTH, Cotton Factors.

—AND—

COMMISSION MERCHANTS, SELMA, ALA.

April 17—td.

LAND FOR SALE.

Thirteen and one third acres of good arable land can be bought on reasonable terms, and a clear title given, by applying to

J. C. W. BREAVENTON.

NOTICE FARMERS.

Messrs. Stevenson & Grant have perfected an arrangement with a New York House, by which they can fill orders for first class agricultural machinery. See them before you order. The House they represent, and the largest in the North, and their prices defy competition. If you want a steam engine, hay press, cotton press, reaper, mower, sub-plow, or anything, call on them.

WANTED.

Good fat young beef cattle—Fat Sheep and Spring Lambs. A liberal price will be paid on delivery to

N. BOYER, At Anniston, Ala.

CHEAP DRY GOODS IS MY MOTTO!

I am opening my Spring Goods as rapidly as possible. The demand on my time has prevented me from bringing to the notice of the public before, my large and well assorted stock of the latest novelties in

DRESS GOODS,

SUCH AS

ILLUMINATED SUITINGS, NUNN'S VEILINGS, MOIRES, SATIN, D'LYON, SURAHIS, BLACK DAMESSIE AND SATIN MARVILLEAUX.

The attention of the ladies is particularly invited to our stock of

Hamburg, Swiss and Mull Edgings, which certainly surpass anything ever brought to this market.

GLOVES, HOSIERY, HANDKERCHES, NECK WEAR AND BUTTONS.

The handsomest line of plain and hand-painted FANS to be found in North Georgia.

Table Linens, Napkin and Towels

AT ANY PRICE. GINGHAMS, cheap and stylish. PARASOLS will be in

in a few days. Dark Calicoes @ 4c—Spring styles @ 5c.—Best of colors 6c.

Special attention given to order, by mail. On all orders amounting to \$10 and over, expressage paid.

THOMAS FHAY,

58 Broad St., Rome Ga.

THE UNITED STATES MAIL SEED STORE

To every man's door. If our SEEDS are not sold in your town, drop us a Postal Card for Handsome Illustrated Catalogue and Prices. Address D. LANDRETH & SONS, Philadelphia.

PERRY DAVIS' VEGETABLE PAIN KILLER

A Never-Failing Cure for Burns, Scalds, Bruises, Cuts, Sores, etc.

After forty years of trial, PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER stands unrivaled. It is safe! It acts immediately! It never fails!

Editor of the St. John (N. B.) News, says: "In fresh wounds, cuts, bruises, sores, etc., it is the most efficient remedy we know of. No family should be without a bottle of it for a single hour."

From the Cincinnati Dispatch: "We have seen its magic effects, and know it to be a good article."

From J. S. Foster, U. S. Consul at Crefeld, Rhineland Prussia: "After long years of use, I am satisfied it is perfectly efficient as a healing remedy for wounds, bruises, and sprains."

PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER is not a new untried remedy. For forty years it has been in constant use; and those who have used it the longest are its best friends.

Every family should have a bottle ready for use. Much pain and heavy doctors' bills may often be saved by prompt application of the PAIN KILLER. It is perfectly safe even in the hands of a child. Try it once thoroughly, and it will prove itself a household necessity. Your druggist has it at 25c., 50c., and \$1.00 per bottle.

PERRY DAVIS & SON, Proprietors, Providence, R. I.

July 30 1881—11.

NEW DRUG STORE.

H. F. MONTGOMERY & Co.,

West Side Public Square, JACKSONVILLE, ALA.

Dealers in all kinds of Drugs and Medicines, Paints, Oils, Patent Medicines, Window Glass, Stationery, Blank Books, Toilet Articles, Lamps, Garden and Field Seeds. Also a choice selection of Fancy Groceries, Tobacco, Cigars, &c. All goods guaranteed to be fine and fresh. Special prices made to Merchants and Physicians.

Prescriptions carefully compounded by our S. S. Linder, M. D.

April 16—11.

Use Lawrence & Martin's TOLU ROCK & RYE.

For COUGHS, COLDS, SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, PNEUMONIA, CONSUMPTION, Diseases of THROAT, CHEST AND LUNGS.

Has always been one of the most important weapons wielded by the MEDICAL FACULTY in the treatment of the above mentioned diseases. It is a powerful expectorant, and its use in the treatment of the THROAT, CHEST AND LUNGS, but it is never better known so thoroughly as in the TOLU, ROCK AND RYE. Its soothing balsamic properties afford a diffusive stimulant and tonic to build up the system after the cough has been relieved. Quart size bottles, Price \$1.00.

CAUTION! Do not be deceived by dealers who try to palm off Rock and Rye BALSAM of TOLU, which is the genuine article. The genuine has a Private Die Proprietary Stamp on each bottle, which permits it to be sold by Druggists, Grocers and Dealers Every where.

WITHOUT SPECIAL TAX OR LICENSE.

The TOLU, ROCK AND RYE CO., Proprietors, 41 River St., Chicago, Ill.

CITY BAR!

The undersigned has with particular care selected for this season, a very fine lot of best

LINCOLN COUNTY WHISKEY,

Direct from the Distillery, as well as

Apple, and Peach Brandies,

He would especially call the attention of all desiring a good drink to his celebrated

"Cabinet Whiskey,"

which is the best in the market. His imported Brandy, FOR THE SICK, has no equal.

His Liquors are bought under bond and he knows them to be fine and pure. A general line of goods in Liquors, Tobacco and Snuff. Also a large lot of fine Cigars, Tobacco and Snuff. Empty barrels from 7c to \$1.00 each.

My Billiard Parlor

which is well ventilated and comfortable, is the favorite resort of those who love the game.

Respectfully,

JNO. RAMAGNANO, Jacksonville, Ala.

N. B.—Parties indebted to me are requested to come forward and settle by cash or waive note.

nov5—6m

STEVENSON & GRANT, Correspondents of Real Estate Banking.

—AND—

LOAN ASSOCIATION OF ALABAMA.

WILL UNDERTAKE TO NEGOTIATE LOANS AS FOLLOWS:

On producing farm lands, for from three to five years.

On producing farm lands, for three to five years, payable in annual installments.

On crop lien, personal and real security, for one year or less, with agreement to ship cotton to Selma. Applicants may apply for loans on producing farm lands for a term of years, either with or without the condition to ship cotton. Loans made for \$200 and upwards.

STEVENSON & GRANT, Jacksonville, Ala.

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STEVENSON & GRANT, Jacksonville, Ala.

John B. Crawford, editor of the public generally, but in cases of a fine lot of cotton, and the plainest make, which he has found at a reasonable price in the Fleming shop on Main St. South.

NOTICE. All parties indebted to the firm of Landers & British, come forward and settle, either by note or cash, or they will be sued and that right IMMEDIATELY. JNO. M. CALDWELL, Aug 5—td.

saved the life of my child, as she was pronounced beyond medical aid by three of the best doctors of this city.



MRS. LYDIA A. TAFT, of Uxbridge, Mass., sends us the following statement, enclosing a letter from her daughter, who was cured of Consumption by Dr. Schenck's Medicine.

I believe that my daughter had Consumption of the Lungs, and that the use of your Medicine saved her life. I nursed her through her illness and she was so but for a long time that we had hope of her recovery.

At the same time. This I did; that is, I took at one time as you direct, only that from my weakness I was obliged to begin with smaller doses than you prescribe. I gradually gained strength, however, so that I was able to take the dose. My strength increased as the medicine began to act on my system, and soon my various symptoms were gone, my appetite increased, and I was able to get up and walk and exercise. This gave me strength to get up and walk again. I was at last well, and have had good health since—now over ten years.

I advise all who are suffering with lung disease to try your medicine. I believe they will find a specific in that disease. I shall be glad to hear have any one call on or write to me in regard to my case.

Yours Truly,

myself at my work, (backsmithing), and while
spraying freely, exposed myself to a draught which
gave me a heavy cold. I was soon so sick that
I could give up my work, and employ a doctor.
He told me that my cold was on my lungs, and gave
me medicine which gave temporary relief. I was
soon down again, however, and this time suffered
more than at first. Being told by a friend that
certain medicines were good in lung disease, I
concluded to use them.

At this time I had severe pains in my breast
back and sides, a violent cough, terrible asthma
at night, and also many times during the day.
I was very weak; I could frequently walk a
couple of yellow matter at a time; and, before
from all my symptoms, my friends believed me
to be in the last stages of Consumption. They de-

see me at any time.

Yours Truly,

JULES M. ROTAL

No. 8 Burgess St., Providence, R. I., January, 1891

For other Certificates of Cures send for Dr. Suhlenck's Book on Consumption, Liver Complaint and Dyspepsia. It gives a full description of these diseases in their various forms, also, valuable information in regard to the diet and clothing of the patient.

Post Paid, to all Applicants.

Address, Dr J. H. SCHENCK & SON, Cor. Arch
and Sixth Sts., Philadelphia, Pa., and mention this
paper.

Go and see the people who write the foregoing
letters, if possible.

Dr. J. H. Schenck's Kidney and Bladder Medicines

Pulmonic Syrup, \$1 per bottle

Are sold by all Druggists, and full directions for their use are printed on the wrappers of every package.

JOHN AUG. GOETZ and MARY PRINCE have lost his sister, from Mark-Eisenbach, near New York City, who was born in Lawrenceville, Pa. one year short of years ago, from her parents' illness or death, on account of their parental neglect. Address Rev. ROBT NEUMANN, Knoxville, New York.

FREE 100 SELECTIONS for Antwerp & St. Paul 1 pk Transparent Case! F of Plu
1 pk Oration Case! F of Plu

Those answering an advertisement will confer a favor upon the advertiser and the publisher by stating that they saw the advertisement in this Journal (adding page).



A SUMMER EVE.

How hushed the busy hum of day!

How mildly spreads the parting ray

Its yellow light

O'er yonder cloudless western sky:

While dusky night

Mounts up the ladder arch on high

With rapid winging light

The rush of Etna's rocky stream,

The cowboy's rustic shout and scream

Break on the ear;

And deep within the darkening vale

Faint sparks appear—

Which glittering fireflies unveil

As night draws near.

Hushed is the grove, and still the nest;

Warmed by the mother's wing to rest;

The tender brood

Forget to ope their yellow mouths

And cry for food,

Till morning streaks the east with red,

And wakes the wood.

Soon to you popular evening light

The watchful crow will wing his flight

And perch on high,

To hail, fresh morn, thy early bliss,

With joyful cry,

And wake the minstrel lark and thrush

To melody.

A VERY ROMANTIC STORY.

Mattie's story was simple enough.

The orphan girl of a former servant in a

wealthy family, Mattie had shared the

lessons and the play of the younger

daughter of the house, until a time

came when it was convenient to turn

the humble companion adrift to work

for hire. It may have been a piece

of ill-luck his neighbors ascribed to

Drew, that it should have been to his

farm the girl came as help to his sister.

It may have been a piece of his good

nature that made him agree to take

under his roof this pretty lass, untrained

for service and educated far above

her station.

Drew's widowed sister, Mrs. Bankes,

who lived with him and whose child it

was Mattie and whom to nurse, amongst

other duties, too numerous to mention,

for there was but one servant kept—

Drew's sister exclaimed in despair when

the farmer brought home the young,

lady-like, delicate-looking girl:

"We want a strong, hard-working

lass! This one doesn't know her right

hand from her left. She is as good as

a lady, or as bad, and has never milks

a cow in her life! What are you think-

ing of bringing her here?"

"Ah! that's just my luck; well, we

must do the best we can with her. If

the servants had never mentioned her to

me now—but then he did mention her,

and here she is."

There she was, and there she stayed,

apt to learn, willing to be taught,

grateful for the real kindness she met

with. Mattie was soon the best hand

at milking for miles around, and soon

devoted to the baby. Three years

passed quietly, and then came the ro-

manee of Mattie's life.

She was twenty that summer. Adam

Armistage, a grave man, was fully ten

years her senior. A great traveler, a

member of the most renowned scienti-

fic society, a student and a discoverer—

he was between two scientific expedi-

tions, refreshing heart and brain by a

walking tour through the home coun-

ties.

Adam's walking tour ended at the

farm Drew had taken only a year

was natural that she should feel a lit-

tle afraid of this unknown lady, Adam's

mother, but that fear was the only

shadow on Mattie's path. It was an

idyl, a poem, as true a love story as the

world has seen, that had written itself

here in this out-of-the-way spot on the

lonely Sussex Downs.

On the third day they might look for

Adam to return, but that day passed,

and many another, until the days were

weeks, and the weeks months, and he

neither came nor wrote. Mattie re-

membered how when she had turned

to look back for the last time upon that

homeward walk, she had seen his fig-

ure distinct against the sky for an in-

stant, and the next lost it entirely as he

passed out of sight over the swelling

lines of hills. Just so she seemed to

have lost him in one instant out of her

life. And yet she never lost sight and

trust in him—never ceased to watch for

his coming again.

Drew, after a time, either guided to

the step by his sister's long-voiced ar-

guments, or prompted to it by his own

sense of what was due to Mattie, not

only took pains to ascertain that the

marriage was real enough, but the fur-

ther pains of searching for and finding

the address of Adam Armistage in Lon-

don. It was strange how this girl and

her former master both trusted Adam

in the face of his inexplicable silence;

in the face of even a more ominous dis-

covery made by Drew when in town—

the discovery that he had never men-

tioned Mattie's name to his mother, or

alluded to Mattie at all. As for Adam,

Mrs. Armistage had declared he was not

with her then, and that she could not

give an address that would find him,

an assertion that confirmed Mattie in

the idea that he had so often spoken to

her.

As autumn passed and the evenings

grew chill with the breath of the com-

ing winter, Mattie's health seemed to

fail. The deep melancholy that opp-

ressed her threatened to break the

springs of life. In order to escape Mrs.

Bankes the girl took to lonely wander-

ings over the Downs; wanderings that

ended always at Stonedene; until, with

the instinct of a wounded animal that

seeks to bear its pain alone, or from the

ever present recollection of the last

words of Adam, when he said it was by

way of Stonedene that he would return,

she besought the farmer to send away

the woman in charge of the house and

allow her to take her place.

Drew yielded to the wish of the wife

whose heart was breaking with the pain

of absence and the mystery of silence,

and Mattie on this foggy day had al-

ready lived months at Stonedene, on

the wish always for the coming of

Adam.

The fox increased instead of dim-

inished with the approach of evening.

Drew could not see his own house until

he was close to it; as he had remarked,

the mystery of Mattie's affairs was not

more impenetrable than the veil hiding

all natural objects just then. When he

had put up the horse and gone into the

farm, Mrs. Bankes, as she bustled about

preparing the meal which Mattie's de-

light fingers had been wont to set

with so much quietness as well as cel-

erity, did not fail to greet him with the

question:

"She! how is she?"

"She!" had come to mean Mattie in

the vocabulary of the farmer and his

sister.

"About as usual in health," Drew re-

plied, lifting the now five-years-old

Harry to his knee, "but troubled in

mind, though to be sure, that is as

usual, too."

"She is out of her mind," exclaimed

Mrs. Bankes, irritably.

"Everyone but yourself knows that;

and if you do not know it, it is only be-

cause you are as mad as she—or any-

one might think so from the way you

go on."

"Nay, nay," said Drew gently, as the

DR. GASTON'S ADDRESS.

Following the persistent attack of the press on our present convict system, Warden Bankhead requested Dr. Jno. B. Gaston, President of the State Medical Association and Mayor of the city of Montgomery, and Dr. Jerome Cochran, the State Health officer, to make a thorough examination of the principal convict prisons of the State. This they did, and made their report. The conclusions that Dr. Gaston arrived at, after this examination, may be found in his address lately delivered before the State Medical Association at Mobile, and which we publish this week, in so far as it relates to the convict question.

Dr. Gaston is a man of the very highest character and a Democrat. His statements are entitled to the fullest credit. Moreover, his conclusions are based on official figures and cannot be denied.

We ask our readers to carefully peruse it and ponder well its startling statements. It is a complete vindication of the course of the newspapers which have been demanding reform in this direction. It completely knocks the earth from beneath the feet of the apologists of the present convict system of the State. We are curious to see how they will receive it.

Calhoun county loses four or six delegates in the State Convention, under the plan of apportionment submitted by the State Executive Committee of the Democratic party. Still she will have ten delegates and but five of six counties in the State will have more. The ratio of representation, under the plan of the Committee is based on the vote cast by the party in the last Presidential election, when the rule has been heretofore that this was governed by the vote in the last gubernatorial election. The rule of the committee will doubtless be set aside by the Convention when it meets.

The Tusculum paper, published at the home of Gen. Jno. D. Ratner, states by authority that that gentleman, for weighty private reasons, will not be a candidate before the Convention for nomination for Governor. We also have received a letter from Gen. Ratner to the same purport. Gen. Ratner would have made a fine Governor, and stood most excellent chances for nomination. It is likely that he would have led any other candidate with the Calhoun delegation, Mr. Dawson coming next. With the retirement of Mr. Ratner, Mr. Dawson's chances for the nomination are greatly bettered. We think he will receive a large majority of the delegation from this county, and a handsome support from surrounding counties of this section.

We have received a copy of the address of Pleasant Valley Grange, Dallas county, to the Democratic Executive committee of that county, in which the Grange announces its determination, while loyal to party to spare no effort to shape legislation so that it may better protect the interests of farmers. The Grange says:

The jurisdiction of magistrates in criminal cases increased; laws to better protect fields, orchards and gardens; better road laws; laws compelling railroads to so construct road bed as not to damage health or property of people along their lines; to make violation of contract on part of employer or employee, where consideration has been given, a misdemeanor; the repeal of the crop lien law; and that county convicts shall serve their terms in their respective counties.

The proposition to tax real estate for road working purposes is not fully understood. It is proposed to levy a small additional tax for this purpose on all real estate, including farm lands, unimproved lands and town property. In this way Anniston, Oxford, Jacksonville, Cross Plains and all the other towns of the country would contribute equally with the farmers in the maintenance of good roads, which are essential to their prosperity. As it is the incorporated towns bear none of the burden of road working. They are only required to keep up their streets, and this they do by taxation. The proposition, in short, is to raise a road fund by general taxation for the purpose of working the roads by contract; to give parties subject to road duty the choice of working their time out under the contractors (the county to charge the contractor for their services) or to pay a specified sum into the road tax fund for exemption; also, to work county convicts on the public roads under the contractors. This is the general outline. It can be improved and elaborated. We have sprung the subject to set people talking about it and ascertain the sentiment of the country on the subject prior to the meeting of the next Legislature. Of course if the people want no change their representatives will not urge it. The people rule. They can determine it.

Radical papers North say that an attempt will be made to Mahonize Alabama in the coming State Election. The President will back the movement and Lowe is the chosen instrument. The plan as outlined is, to send Lowe over Wheeler in Congress, then for the Independents and Radicals to nominate him for Governor. They expect to elect him Governor and at the same time elect an Independent—Radical Legislature. This done, they expect to place Lowe in the U. S. Senate over Morgan. There is not much danger of Lowe beating the nominee of the Democratic party for the Governorship. There is more danger of the combination carrying the Legislature

through the carelessness and disorganization of the Democratic party. Let us ignore all side issues and organize. In organization is sure safety.

PUBLIC OPINION.

The Selma Times says: Elsewhere will be found an article that will astonish the people of Alabama and act as a bombshell in the ranks of the convict contractors. It is an address on the treatment of our convicts made before the State Medical Association assembled at Mobile, by Dr. Jno. B. Gaston, its President, who is likewise Mayor of Montgomery. No higher authority exists in the State, no better Democrat can be found, no assailing of his figures, facts or motives is possible. His conclusions are indisputable and conclusive. Not even a mind prejudiced against the so-called convict craze can longer persist in error, and every impartial man will recoil with horror.

The Mobile Register says: The necessity of medical inspection of our penitentiary is so clearly shown by Dr. Gaston that the next General Assembly will be false to its duty if it fails to consider the convict system deliberately, carefully and intelligently. We say to the gentlemen who propose themselves as candidates for that body that the people are not satisfied with the manner in which the convicts have been treated. The truth has been suppressed year after year, but from time to time enough facts have leaked out to shock our sense of humanity. Dr. Gaston now throws a calcium light upon the vile apology for a convict system. He shows it to be simply a scheme to make money out of the labor of criminals. There is no reformation aimed at. Every thing is vindictive and retaliatory.

THE CRUELTY OF OUR CONVICT SYSTEM.

Dr. J. B. Gaston's Exposure and Denunciation of Convict Treatment in Alabama.

More than a hundred years ago Howard in his work on "The State of the Prisons in England and Wales" disclosed wretchedness, misery and injustice endured by the convict. The picture was ghastly, but it was true. A cry of horror and indignation was heard throughout the civilized world. Guilty custodians shrank from the disclosure of enormities committed under their authority. Prison discipline became a science based upon sound ethical and political principles.

Torture gave way to a discipline, evincing a correct appreciation of the object of punishment, rigid, but temperate, humane and just. A prescription of ill-intersected and moral culture, misery of soul and body, and the ingenious cruelties of ancient and modern torture, have no place in this beneficent system. The penitentiary should be a reformatory. When a State becomes retaliatory, cruel and vindictive in its punishments, civilization stands weeping and aside. When a State fails to limit its punishment by a proper regard for the rights—the inalienable rights—of humanity everywhere, by an equitable judgment with regard to the power which society has over its members and by a wise and impartial consideration of the kind, degree and tendency of the means of discipline actually employed, it becomes the duty of those interested in the welfare of society to bring the matter to the notice of the proper authorities and insist strenuously on reform. There is a right to punish, but there is an obligation to protect, and this obligation is now more and more binding in regard to the convict, who is deprived of his liberty. His mouth is sealed. He is stripped of the rights of self-defense so dear to every citizen. He is naked before the pitiless justice of the law.

He has however some right-left him and on the State: devolves the responsibility of protecting them. He may have placed himself in the title of an enemy to society, but the State should not become his enemy. She should in protecting society, recognize the true object of punishment—the prevention of crime; but she should also recognize as a means to that end, the reformation of the criminal. Has Alabama a protector and friend to her dependent children of crime? Let the sanitary condition of prisons, the disregard of the physical comfort, the state of moral and intellectual culture and the mortality record of her convicts, answer this question. I do he hate to say that, in all these respects Alabama is to state it mildly, a hundred years behind the civilization of the age.

The prison system of this State seems to have no motto except the one of the General Assembly, the county authorities and some of those who have discussed the subject in the public press, have seemed to think that the most successful management of convicts is that which brings the largest revenues into the treasuries of the counties and the State. If this be the doctrine of the State—and practically it is so—can it be expected that any thing better, than any other than a selfish view will be taken of the subject by those having immediate charge of convict labor? In discussing the Draconian code Plutarch says that, "for nearly all crimes there were the same penalty of death."

The man who was convicted of idleness or who stole a cabbage or an apple was liable to death no less than the robber of temples or the murderer. Under the Alabama code for nearly all crimes there is the same penalty of imprisonment at hard labor in the penitentiary, which in more than eight per cent annually of those so sentenced, results in death. A man who is convicted of vagrancy or stealing a cabbage, violate the gaming laws, or carrying a concealed weapon, is liable to this punishment no less than the robber or the murderer. The unfortunate authors of these various offenses may be seen working side by side in the mines, eating at the same table, confined in the same cell, and sleep in the same bed. The quality of the punishment is the same, the time varies.

It may be thought that all these matters constitute a problem involving grave questions in political science and appealing for its solution to the student in prison ethics and political economy; and in no way concerning the sanitation or the Board of Health. But when it is shown, as will be done in what follows that more than seven per cent of those who have been sent to the penitentiary, have died of the unnecessary rigors of prison discipline, it then becomes a great sanitary evil and as such challenges the sympathy and the active interest of the State Board of Health. The report of an inspection of two convict prisons recently made to the Governor of the State by your Health Officers and myself, discloses many exceptional features, in a sanitary point of view, of penal servitude in Alabama; and to it you are referred for information on all subjects, of which it treats. But the evidence on which it holds up the results of penal servitude in Alabama to the reprobation of this Association and of good men everywhere, is to be found in the annual reports of Inspectors of the Penitentiary from 1870 to 1876 inclusive, except the reports of two years, 1871 and 1876 which I have not

been able to obtain. Not that said inspectors have been found aught to condemn in the conditions of the prisons or the management of the convicts. On the contrary they report, in 1870, that the "management of the prison is in every way conducted by lawless and warden, in a lawful and humane manner," in 1873 that they found the convicts well fed, clothed and well provided for, and as well contented as possible under the circumstances; in 1874, that the condition of the convicts was excellent, being well fed, clothed and provided for, and as well contented as possible; and in 1870 and 1880, that the convicts have been generally well fed and clothed, and kindly and humanely treated, and that corporal punishment has only been inflicted in extreme cases. These are fair specimens of the reports made by the inspectors throughout the nine years above mentioned, and the picture presented is one which a Sir Charles Romilly or a Macneil might well contemplate with satisfaction and unqualified approval.

If, however we compare these reports with the somewhat detailed report above mentioned recently made to the Governor, passed upon an inspection, made at a time when the prisoners are confessedly in as good if not in better condition than ever before. We are forced to the conclusion that time and experience have simply taught the inspectors of this period, how not to do it.

In Sing Sing, Auburn and Clinton prisons of the State of New York, the average number of convicts for 1879 was 3,376 with 41 deaths, giving a death rate of 1.14 per cent. The average number in Pennsylvania prisons was 2,573 with 27 deaths, giving a death rate of 1.06 per centum. The average number in the Ohio Penitentiary in 1881 was 1,250 with 16 deaths, giving a death rate of 1.33.

The average number in the Alabama penitentiary for 1879 was 597, with 42 deaths, giving a death rate of 7 per centum. The average yearly per centage of deaths in the Auburn prison for five years, preceding 1880 was 1.19. The average yearly per centage of deaths in Alabama penitentiary for nine years was 8.32. From the foregoing it will be seen that the death rate in the Alabama penitentiary for a period of nine years has been six hundred per cent greater than the death rate in the Auburn penitentiary for a period of fifteen years.

Had the death rate in the Alabama penitentiary been the same as the Auburn prison, the number of deaths in the Alabama penitentiary for the nine years preceding 1880 would have been 42 instead of 207. In other words 255 convicts died during the said nine years whose deaths may be fairly attributed to the unnecessary rigors of penal servitude in Alabama.

They were sentenced to hard labor in the penitentiary and they have been put to death. From the same source I also learn that while 149 homicides have fallen victims to the lawlessness of private citizens 255 perished by the lawlessness of the State. The evil passions of the body, which would have been tried and convicted by the courts have not been nearly so destructive of human life as have been the misguided efforts of the State to protect society.

I would not arouse a morbid sensibility on the subject; I would not have convicts regarded as the innocent victims of unjust laws. I admit that punishment should be exemplary as well as reformatory. I would not have the system characterized by so much leniency as to make the condition of the convict in the least degree desirable. But that it may accomplish the real ends of punishment, whilst it should be strict, it should be just and humane. It should regard not simply the physical endurance but the health and the lives the moral and intellectual susceptibilities of the convict.

Every convict at all able to analyze the situation, knows that only those rights which are common to him which cannot be left with him without danger to society and only such punishment should be inflicted as may be necessary to enforce such decent rules of life as may be prescribed and to compel him to make approximate restitution for the injury done society and to support himself and dependents. Such a system would lead to the good judgment and philanthropy of right minded men everywhere; and properly understood as it always should be, must be accepted as a system of fair dealing by the convict himself. Such a system has succeeded elsewhere. It can succeed here. Select and discard of elements of a good system of penal servitude, had sanitary conditions in clothing, quarters and food excessive tasks and the punishment necessary to enforce them, unnecessary restraint of body, chaining and packing hard worked men in the cells, and the like, the withdrawal of every stimulus to intellectual activity, the repression of every ennobling aspiration of the soul, not only injure the health and shorten the life, but begot a sense of injury and injustice, and a desire for revenge, which is at war with and subversive of the great object of punishment. A bad act—an act which demands punishment—is not conclusive of a mean and depraved spirit. Good men have done, and good men will again do, very wicked things. Let the State punish its criminals, but let it not needlessly deprive, demoralize, and destroy them. Must crimes be punished by greater crimes and greater criminals.

Some men in *sua corpora* express the equilibrium which constitutes health; and a State when it takes absolute control of a man, should be guided by the same principle of discharge of its guardianship as a thoughtful and wise man would be in the management of a child. A bad act—an act which demands punishment—is not conclusive of a mean and depraved spirit. Good men have done, and good men will again do, very wicked things. Let the State punish its criminals, but let it not needlessly deprive, demoralize, and destroy them. Must crimes be punished by greater crimes and greater criminals.

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If you cast your vote and your influence in favor of licensing saloons—these gilded gate-ways to perdition, through which so many young feet have stumbled into drunkards graves—how can you expect your boy to shun them?

Fear fifties of five thousand boys that reach the morgue in New York city every year are sent there by drunkenness. The jolly fellows who make fun of the anti-liquor agitation, as they stand at bars and drink good old whiskey—for of course no other kind is sold—know only the beginnings of what ruin can do; but the rough pine boxes with what once clear headed bright eyed humanity, are just as much the result of rum-drinking as bar-room fun is. The morgue's occupants do not all come from the lower classes who drank bad rum; sections of honorable stock have been found there too often, for alcohol is as merciless a lever as death itself.—New York Herald.

We are requested to say that the ratio of representation from the various Sunday Schools in the county will be as follows: two delegates for every school numbering 50 or less, and one additional delegate for every twenty-five or fraction of twenty-five over fifty.

We have no right to be anxious for the future; no right to have dread in the thought of what will bring us. We are the Lord's—or we ought to be and may be. The Lord is planning for us, and according as we trust in Him, shall we find profit in the days to come. Moreover, no worrying or foreboding can change the future; it will only make its trials the harder, and prolong the period of our struggle with them.

The incessant lives of professing Christians do more to retard the victories of the cross than all the words of unbelievers.

"How do you manage?" said a lady to her friend, "to appear so happy all the time?" "I always have Parker's Ginger Tonic handy," was the reply. "Ginger Tonic keeps myself and family in good health. When I am well I always feel good natured." See other column, April 15.

STATE OF ALABAMA, Calhoun County. In Probate Court for said county, special term, April 20th, 1882.

This day comes L. W. Grant, Administrator of the estate of James F. Grant Deceased, and files in court his report in writing and under oath, stating that to the best of his knowledge said estate is insolvent, and asking that the same be so declared.

It is therefore ordered by the court that the 29th day of May 1882 be, and is hereby appointed the day upon which the heirs and distributees of said estate, and that notice thereof be given by publication for three successive weeks in the Jacksonville Republican, a newspaper published in said county, as a notice to all of the creditors of said estate, to be and appear before me at my office in Jacksonville, Calhoun county, Ala., on said 29th day of May, 1882, and contest said report if they think proper.

A. WOODS, Judge of Probate.

ESTATE OF J. L. Doss, J. P. in Pace. No. 8. Calhoun county, Ala. on the 12th day of April, 1882, a certain estate, J. L. Doss, about six years old, 14 hands high, with no particular marks or brands, except real toothed behind.

A. WOODS, Judge of Probate.

Notice to Stockholders. A meeting of the JACKSONVILLE LINING COMPANY is hereby called to meet at the Court House in Jacksonville, Alabama, on Monday the 8th day of May, 1882, at 10 o'clock, a. m., for the purpose of electing officers, and for the transaction of some other important business of interest to the company. All of the Stockholders are requested to attend promptly at this meeting. This April 22nd, 1882.

A. WOODS, L. W. GRANT, Directors.

L. J. SWAN, Sec'y.

GUNS

OF EVERY KIND AND GRADE. RIFLES, SHOT GUNS, REVOLVERS, AMMUNITION, FISHING TACKLE, SADDLES, NETS, KNUIVES, HATCHETS, STAPLES, ETC. Large Illustrated Catalogue FREE. GREAT WESTERN GUN WORKS, PITTSBURGH, PA.

AGENTS

WANTED! Ladies and Gentlemen, to engage with us to sell several *Useful Household Articles*, *Profits Large*, *Labour in Sight*, *Get Rich Quick*, *Easy to Sell*, *Terms Liberal*. Circulars FREE. Address, *Benit Manufacturing Co., Box 85, Pittsburg, Pa.*

A NEW CURE FOR POTATO BUGS

AND ALL TROUBLESOME VERMIN. Safe, sure, cleanly and cheap. Sample Package, Post Paid, 3c. AGENTS WANTED. Address, *W. C. JACKSON, Pittsburg, Pa.*

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

of all kinds for sale very cheap. Catalogues free. Address, *RICHARD H. HULL & CO., Box 268, Pittsburgh, Pa.* April 22nd—6m

ADMINISTRATORS SALE.

Valuable Timbered Land. Under and by virtue of an order of the Probate court of Calhoun county, Alabama, made on the 15th day of February, 1882, I will, as the Administrator of the estate of Robert Jones, deceased, proceed to sell on Monday the 1st day of May, 1882, on the premises of said deceased at public outcry to the highest bidder for cash, the following described lands belonging to said estate, to wit: Lots Nos. 18 & 19, of fractional Sec. 31, T. 12 S., R. 11 E., and NW 1/4 of Section 6, T. 13 N., R. 11 E., east, lying near the line of Calhoun and Cleburne counties, Ala.

W. C. SAVAGE, Administrator

NOTICE

is hereby given that books for subscription to the capital stock of the Alabama & Georgia Rail Road Company will be opened in Jacksonville, Calhoun county, Alabama, thirty days from this date, at the office of J. H. Caldwell.

HUGH HEERY, T. J. GRIFFITH, D. W. DRAPER, D. A. BUELLSON, JOHN H. DISQUE, A. L. WOODLIFF, JAMES COOK, I. M. JACKSON, And others.

WOODRUFF & NORTH,

Cotton Factors

AND—

COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

SELMA, ALA.

NOTICE FARMERS. Messrs. Stevenson & Grant have perfected an arrangement with a New York House by which they can fill orders for first class agricultural machinery. See them before you order. The House they represent, and those goods they will handle is one of the best in the North, and their prices defy competition. If you want a steam engine, hay press, Cotton press, reaper, mower, sickle plow, or anything, call on them, and get it.

WANTED

Good fat young beef cattle—Fat Sheep and Spring Lambs. A liberal price will be paid on delivery to N. BOYER, At Anniston, Ala.

CHEAP DRY GOODS IS MY MOTTO!

I am opening my Spring Goods as rapidly as possible. The demand on my time has prevented me from bringing to the notice of the public before, my large and well assorted stock of the latest novelties in

DRESS GOODS,

SUCH AS ILLUMINATED SUITINGS, NUNN'S VEILINGS, MOIRES, SATIN, D'LYON, SUKANS, BLACK DAMESS AND SATIN MARVILLEAUX.

The attention of the ladies is particularly invited to our stock of

Hamburg, Swiss and Mull Edgings,

which certainly surpass anything ever brought to this market.

GLOVES, HOSIERY, HANDKERCHES, NECK WEAR AND BUTTONS.

The handsome line of plain and hand-painted FANS to be found in North Georgia.

Table Linens, Napkin and Towels

AT ANY PRICE. GINGHAMS, cheap and stylish. PARASOLS will be in

in a few days. Dark Calicoes @ 4c.—Spring styles @ 5c.—Best of colors 6c.

Special attention given to order; by mail. On all orders amounting to \$10 and over, expressage paid.

THOMAS FHAY,

58 Broad St., Rome Ga.

PERRY DAVIS' VEGETABLE PAIN KILLER

A Never-Failing Cure for Burns, Scalds, Bruises, Cuts, Sprains, etc. After forty years of trial, PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER stands unrivaled. It is safe! It acts immediately! It never fails!

Editor of the St. John (N. B.) News, says: "In such words, such a plain, simple, and it is the most effective remedy we know of. No family should be without a bottle of it for such emergencies." From the Cincinnati Dispatch: "We have used it in many cases, and know it to be a good article." From I. S. Potter, U. S. Marshal at Cleveland, Ohio: "I have used it in many cases, and know it to be a good article." From J. W. Dees, says: "For scalds and burns it has no equal. Perry Davis' Pain Killer is not a new remedy. For forty years it has been in constant use, and those who have used it the longest are its best friends. Its success is entirely because of its merit. Every family should have a bottle ready for such emergencies. It is a sure cure for all the pains and aches of the body. Much pain and heavy doctors' bills may be saved by prompt application of the Pain Killer. Unlike most medicines, it is perfectly safe even in the hands of a child. Try it once thoroughly, and it will prove its value. Your druggist has it at 25c., 50c., and \$1.00 per bottle. PERRY DAVIS & SON, Proprietors, Providence, R. I. July 30, 1881—11c

CITY BAR!

The undersigned has with particular care selected for this season, a very fine lot of best

LINCOLN COUNTY WHISKEY,

Direct from the Distillery, as well as

Apple, and Peach Brandies,

He would especially call the attention of all desiring a good drink to his celebrated

"Cabinet Whiskey,"

which is the best in the market. His imported Brandy, FOR THE SICK, has no equal.

His Liquors are bought under bond and he knows them to be fine and pure. A general line of goods in Liquors of all brands, Beer, Cider, &c., including Sacramento Wine. Also a large lot of fine Cigars, Tobacco and Snuff. Empty barrels from 75c. to \$1.00 each.

My Billiard Parlor

which is well ventilated and comfortable, is the favorite resort of those who love the game. Respectfully,

JNO RAMAGNANO, Jacksonville, Ala.

N. B.—Parties indebted to me are requested to come forward and settle by cash or note.

STEVENSON & GRANT,

Correspondents of

Real Estate, Banking

—AND—

LOAN ASSOCIATION

OF ALABAMA.

WILL UNDERTAKE TO NEGOTIATE LOANS AS FOLLOWS:

On producing farm lands, for from three to five years.

On producing farm lands, for three to five years, payable in annual installments.

On crop lien, personal and real security, for one year or less, with agreement to ship cotton to Selma. Applicants may apply for loans on producing farm lands for a term of years, either with or without the condition to ship cotton. Loans made for \$200 and upwards.

STEVENSON & GRANT,

Jacksonville Ala.

Attachment Notice.

COWAN & SLAUGHTER, PLE vs C. C. JOHNSON, Debt.

Samuel Noble, Woodstock Iron Company and Anniston Manufacturing Company, Garnishes.

Whereas, Cowan & Slaughter having applied to the undersigned, a Justice of the Peace for Calhoun county, in due form of law, for an attachment against the estate of C. C. Johnson an obtained the same; also, by a writ of garnishment which has been returned, served on Samuel Noble and Samuel Noble, Secretary and Treas. of the Woodstock Iron Co., and Anniston Manufacturing Co.; and whereas, the said C. C. Johnson is a non-resident of the State of Alabama, and that his residence is in the State of Tennessee, post-office Morris-town; Now the said C. C. Johnson is hereby notified of the pendency of said suit, and that if the said defendant, C. C. Johnson, does not appear before me in the council chamber of Oxford, Ala. on the 8th day of May, 1882, I will proceed to give judgment as the merits of the cause may demand, in the same manner as if the said C. C. Johnson were present to answer and defend; and will proceed to issue execution as the law directs. Given under my hand, this 13th March, 1882.

J. S. KELLY, J. P.

Sherriff Sale.

By virtue of a f. f. issued from the Circuit Court of Calhoun county against James A. Gladden and in favor of Samuel H. McCallan, I will sell before the Court House door, within the legal hours of sale, to the highest bidder for cash, on Monday the 15th day of May, the following property, to-wit: one claybank horse, one sorrel horse and one bay mare, as the property of the said James A. Gladden.

JAMES B. FARMER, Sheriff. April 15—3c—Adv. \$4.

LAND FOR SALE.

Thirteen and one third acres of good arable land can be bought on reasonable terms, and a clear title given, by applying to C. W. BREWTON.

JAMES B. FARMER, Sheriff.

LAND FOR SALE.

Thirteen and one third acres of good arable land can be bought on reasonable terms, and a clear title given, by applying to C. W. BREWTON.

PAY UP.

Real estate bought and sold. Books open at law office of Mr Stevenson

John H. Crawford, South to have stock a fine lot of cotton and wool of all sizes and to have the place made, which will be found at the shop known as Fleming shop on Main st. South of the square.

NOTICE.

All parties indebted to the firm of Landers & Brittain must come forward and settle, either by note or cash, or they will be sued and that right immediately.

JNO. M. CALDWELL.

Aug 5—1c

SUMMER RESIDENCE

One house and lot in Jacksonville containing seven acres, known as Judge Foster residence. The house most tastefully built and situated on the most desirable part of town for residence. A never failing well supplies the water the year round. The place is abundantly supplied with fruit, including an extensive grape vine, extensive lawn in front, is clothed with beautiful oak. It is a very desirable place for some gentlemen who wish to have a summer residence. The price for the place. The owner has taken in 3 months. Reason for selling—owner moved out of the State.

Address—

STEVENSON & GRANT,

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Jacksonville, Ala.

SHOULD ATTEND

MOORE'S

BUSINESS UNIVERSITY,

ATLANTA, GA.

A Model Business School.

ACTUAL BUSINESS

STUDENTS ON CHANCE

12

body is Wealth of Mind

ROADWAY'S

Brilliant Resolvent

It makes sound flesh, strong bone and
all the properties essential to well
developed bodies. It is composed of ingredients of ex-
traordinary value. It is the ROADWAY'S SANGARILLAN.

THE

that name the complaint has been
the Scrofula, Empyema,
Sores, Tumors, Boils, Erysipelas,
diseases of the Lymphatic
Skin, Liver, Spleen, or other
constitutional, the blood
repairs these organs and
restores the system. If the blood
remedy must be unsound.

THE RESOLVENT not only
repairs, but secures the health
of the organs. It restores
the entire system functional, it exalts
the blood-vessels with life force,
the blood is purified, the
Pimples, Bores, Itches, become
removed; Sores and Scabs
falling from the face.

Eyes, Mouth, Ears, Lungs,
have been accumulated and
removed disease or remedy of
the Substrate, may of
this nature is obtained a
its restoration to the system

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stire, Dots or Wels (leprosy)
Dull Pain in the Head, Redness of
Yellowness of the Skin and Pro-
Sins, Greasiness and Swelling
eat, Burning of the Limbs,
all the above-named diseases.
25 CENTS PER BOX.

that the reader must consider both
in the subject of diseases and that
which may be named:

of Trichinosis, on Irritable Uterus, on
on Scrophulous, on Syphilis,
relating to different classes of Diseases.

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STURGEON TO RADWAY & CO., No. 10
Church St., New York.
Persons having trichinosis will be cured

SUMPTION.

...tive remedy for the above disease, is
of cases of the worst kind and of long
... been cured. Indeed, so strong is the
... cures, that I will send TWO BOTTLES
... or with a VALUABLE TREATISE on
... tumors. Give Express and P.O. ad-
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ELECTORS—A handsome set of cards for
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INSTANTANEOUS MUSIC FOR THE
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... play any of the popular
... study previous practice, or
... of our popular \$1,000 if you
... Company want one of our instruments
... play any one of our songs at any
... soon within one hour after our coun-
... ters, provided said child can count
... music correctly. Our music

shed musicians, but for the music or who have never played the sheets of music are triumphs of and certainty, and create a firm delighted thousands whose they play by note at sight, while the without even looking at the ters the simple pieces which we sell them on until they play our tunes of music, with instructions, for catalogue of tunes. *Agassi*

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I WONDER WHY.

I meet with people here and there Who walk through life with muffled tread; And when you say, "The day is fair," They softly sigh and shake their head. The bright and glorious summer sky, In wide blue arch is over their bow, And yet they shake their head and sigh, And point you at a tiny cloud. Why do they shake their head and sigh And view that speck of all the sky?

I wonder why? And when young lovers bill and coo, And play at being man and wife, And talk of all the things they'll do In yonder lovely sweep of life, It seems to them so sad a fact, They beg acceptance of a tract. On Early Colds and Sudden Death, When happy hearts are beating high, Why do they tell them they must die?

I wonder why?

And when the children break at play, Or peals of laughter break their chest, Why do they grimace and say, "Ah, yes! you'll soon be cured of that."

Why is it wise to smile and sigh, And hold your candle to your eye?

I wonder why?

There never was such a man to bet as Staining. He was always so sure he was right. Our mutual friend Maxwell ought to have set sail for Brazil, but I, confident I had seen him in the street, but Staining said it was nonsense, and he bet \$20 to 1s I was wrong. He had hardly finished speaking when Maxwell came in. Staining pulled out of his pocket a \$20 note and handed it to me. "There you are, old fellow. 'A fool and his money,' etc. Another illustration of that wise adage."

"Not exactly; for you don't expect I shall take your money?"

"Yes, I do; and shall be extremely annoyed if you refuse."

I protested, but presently he said in considerable irritation:

"Then be my almoner, and give the money away in charity."

He left presently, and, as there are objections to standing in the public highways with a bank note in your hand and a puzzled expression on your face, the note was transferred to my pocket, and I went on my way wondering, when I was met full tilt by a clergyman whom I knew.

"Hello!" he cried. "Mr. Smith, you and I seem to have our minds so much occupied that we cannot take care of our bodies."

"No grave matter of mine," I said; "but you look sad. Nothing wrong with you and yours?"

"No thank you; but I have just quit a depressing scene. A young couple, married in haste, have come to grief. The wife and child are ill. Relatives and friends have receded into the remote background. And, worse than all, the husband—"

"Has become intemperate or has gone mad."

"Neither one nor the other."

"Something worse?"

"Yes; for to be dishonest is worse than going mad. And it is such a mere trifle that is needed apparently, to put all straight, that I groan at my inability to find it."

"What's wanted?"

"Well, it's only \$20."

"There's the money you require. Haste away, and do all the good you can with it."

My friend looked astonished. He even hesitated a moment.

"It is very good of you," he said, nervously. "But really—"

"I have the power to give this away. Good by." And I hurried off. Then I hastened back to him.

"May I request that you will on no account mention my name?"

"As you wish it, I won't; but you should know the objects of your bounty."

And he told me. Then we parted. I had only gone a dozen yards when there passed me a young man with a flushed face and a frightened, anxious look in his eyes. He caught up to my friend and spoke to him.

"That is the man," I said to myself, "whose proceedings here have been dubious, and who will, I trust, be rescued by Staining's \$20. Well, if the wheel should turn, and this poor man should ever be in a position to deliver a fellow creature from such trouble as he himself is now in, by the surrender of \$20, I wonder whether he'll do it? Smith, you surely know human nature well enough to answer your own foolish question. Not he—not a bit of it."

This incident was soon swept from my mind by a sudden call to go abroad, mind by the place where Maxwell did not go; I was a young bachelor, and could start for the antipodes at two days' notice. When I take my wife and children—I forget the number—for our autumnal trip, in these later years of my life, I require weeks' preparation.

Away, then, to Brazil; away to new life, new companions, new hopes and fears; away to fortune and the yellow fever! Here occurs in my tale an interval of twenty years (my story deals in twentys). I doubt whether I should have come back had not a young English lady one night sung in my hearing an old home ballad, so well remembered in connection with some loved one who in this world will sing no more, that a

craving for my native land mastered me at once, and in a very short time I was on my return home.

On the way I had one night a frightful dream. I fancied a terrible enemy had me down and clutched my throat. Tighter grew his grasp and fainter my breath. My staring eyes scanned every feature of my murderer. Slowly and painfully did I call to mind the face above me. I passed an entreaty for mercy.

"Give it to me; I want it; I must have it instantly!" was the hoarse reply.

"What—what can he mean?"

"What!" he shrieked, in maniacal frenzy. "My \$20."

I had quite forgotten about the bet and \$20; but the dream set me thinking of what rumors I had heard respecting Staining since I left England—that his money had wasted, he had fallen in position and even into poverty.

"Poor fellow!" I thought, "there may be something in that dream. If his pride will accept it he shall have that money back, and very glad I shall be to restore it."

Back in England, I settled down in the old country. Main matters disposed of, I began to think of minor ones, and among the latter the discovery of Staining. He was not in his former haunts, and I failed so long to find him that I was beginning to despair, when one night I met him in the street.

The brilliant light of the ball-room may increase the lustre of a woman's eyes, but if you want to see a broken-down man in his worst aspect, survey him standing disconsolately under a street lamp, a drizzling rain descending upon him, and he with folded arms presenting a picture of mute despair. So did I behold Staining. I put my hand upon his shoulder. He sprang from me as though I were a wild beast.

"I did not want to run away," he said, hoarsely; "they knew that. Go on; I'll walk quietly enough. Why—what—can be—"

"Yes, it is Smith, your old companion. Come out of this and confide in me. If you are in trouble and money can help you, you shall not want." And I took his arm and we went together.

And then I heard poor Staining's confession, and it amounted to this: When he had wasted his money, he obtained a situation in a merchant's office. The pay was sufficient to keep him; but even now nothing could restrain him from betting on horse-racing. As a consequence he was soon penniless, and worse—dishonest. He had paid a betting debt out of a \$20 note which had been entrusted to him. Discovery had ensued, and though the luckless man had explained that it was only through a failure of another member of the virtuous fraternity he could not replace the money at once, he had been discharged and had reason to suppose he would be prosecuted.

"Many, many thanks," replied the poor fellow to my offer. "You can see the firm in the morning; but I doubt whether they will take the money. I believe they are bent on my ruin."

Early next morning I was at the office of Blendon, Baydon & Co., and having stated my errand, I proffered my \$20.

Mr. Baydon was a sleek old gentleman. There was an air of wealth and ease all over him. He bowed complacently and said:

"I can appreciate your kindness to this poor man, and I myself would pass the matter over at once, but my partner takes a different view, and I cannot interfere."

"Can I see Mr. Blendon?"

"Yes, if you will call again in two hours." In the cab I kept muttering to myself, Blendon, and Robert Blendon, too. I am sure of it. Still, if it be so, it is very strange. I think I should know that face again. We shall see who will be master."

Back to Messrs. Blendon, Baydon & Co.'s office, and then in the presence of Mr. Blendon. All my anxiety for my poor friend faded away. I was master of the situation. I stated my desire to pay the amount of Staining's defalcation, and my hope that under the extenuating circumstances no publicity would be given to the wrong doing.

Mr. Blendon heard me with some impatience, and before replying drew a check to myself or bearer for \$100. Having given it to the clerk, he said to me:

"You will excuse my answering somewhat shortly. It cannot be. It is not the money we care about, but we must vindicate the law."

I declared I was pleased at the grandiose style of his speech. How beautifully he was working into my net! I suggested that in a case like this there was no imperative call to such a course, and that forbearance might be shown.

"I do not see it," answered Mr. Blendon. "You do not appear, sir to observe the immense importance of punishing a delinquency of this kind. I cannot take your money. If I were to let this man off I would be ashamed of myself. I have just overcome some foolish hesitation of my partner. I am always firm myself." (Not always, Mr. Blendon—not when I last saw you. But wait a bit. A little further into my net, please.)

And, therefore, however sorry I may be,

sir, I must say no. If I were myself to commit an act of this kind, and—"

Why did he stop! I bowed quietly, and arising said:

"You are quite right, Mr. Blendon, for dishonesty is a terrible thing, and while not for a moment pressing my request, I know you will forgive my calling to remembrance a curious case known to myself. Some twenty years ago a poor young couple, not long married, had fallen into poverty. The wife and infant were ill; the husband was distracted; he must get money. When his young wife and infant child were almost starving what was to be done? The money was obtained—Mr. Blendon, you know how. 'But in what way it was repaid before mischief came, and how was the husband saved from ruin and degradation—saved to become a rich and respected merchant? Whose money saved him? That you do not know, but I will tell you. The \$20 note which rescued the husband, rested only ten minutes before in the pocket of this very Staining whom you are about to prosecute. Then Staining was as rich as you are now; but he was a kind, Christian man. Mr. Blendon, I have a right to ask to what character do you lay claim?"

I have often thought, since, what admirable advantages are a clear head and a calm temper. I had worked myself up to a white heat. It was only when he first saw my drift that my listener manifested any strong emotion. Then he rose from his chair with flushed face; but he resumed his seat, and by the time I had finished he was almost as calm as when I entered. There was a slight pause, and then he said:

"You have acquired some knowledge of an incident in my life which I am not called upon to discuss. Is this knowledge confined to yourself?"

"I believe it to be confined to myself and my informant, and I have no desire it should be otherwise."

Mr. Blendon bowed.

"I will not conceal that I shall be glad if this goes no further, and on that footing I will say that your friend shall be freely absolved, and I will even add him if I can. You must excuse my taking your \$20. I am obliged to you for coming. Good morning."

I felt as I left him that the enemy had well covered his retreat, and had not left me a morsel of triumph more than he could help. But my object was accomplished, and I hastened to meet Staining.

He was at the appointed place, so I went to his lodgings. The landlady told me he had come in early and gone to his room—not well, she thought. She and I went up together and knocked more than once. Then I went in. Poor Staining lay upon the bed—dead. His enfeebled frame had not been able to endure the recent wear and tear, and he was now beyond the reach of his follies and troubles.

An English Wedding.

In the early part of March at the parish church, St. Mary Abbot, Kensington, England, was celebrated the marriage of Mr. Frederick Mackness, son of the Lord Bishop of Oxford, with Miss Amy Chemsides, daughter of the late Rev. Seymour Chemsides, rector of Wilton, Wilts. The wedding party assembled at the church by half-past 11 o'clock, when the bride arrived, and was received at the church door by six bridesmaids. The bridegroom was attended by Mr. Christopher Harrison his best man. The bride's dress was of cream-colored satin Duchesse, trimmed with Spanish blonde. The long square train was draped to the waist, and the back of the bodice looped up and trimmed with the blonde. The front of the skirt was en tablier, with box-pleats from the waist to within twelve inches of the ground; here about six inches were filled with bouillonne, finished with a pleated flounce. The high bodice was trimmed square with the blonde, and a garland of bridal flowers placed on the left side, and had elbow sleeves. She wore a wreath of orange blossoms and myrtle covered by a veil of spotted Brussels lace, bordered all round with Spanish blonde, and fastened to her hair by pearl pins and carried a bouquet of white flowers. Her ornaments included a gold pendant set with pearls and diamonds. The bridesmaids were attired alike in fine pearl gray cashmere, trimmed with amethyst Lyons velvet and chenille fringe. The skirts were arranged en tablier with rows of chenille fringe, alternated with bouillonne of cashmere and revers of amethyst velvet. The bodices, pointed and gathered in front, were finished with ruffles lined with velvet, and straps of the velvet across the bust and on the sleeves, which were gathered and finished with gauze lined with velvet. They wore gray clip hats à la mousquetaire, the brims lined with amethyst velvet, and two gray ostrich feathers tipped with amethyst, gray gloves and hose, and amethyst velvet shoes. Each carried a basket of gilt work, lined with amethyst satin mervelux, and trimmed with the new cream mauveque lace and ribbons, a novelty suggested by Mrs. Alfred Morrison, the bride's sister. They were filled with natural flowers. The ceremony was performed by the father of the bridegroom, and the bride was given away by her uncle, Mr. H. Walter, of Papplewick Hall. The service was choral, and after the wedding party proceeded to Mrs. Chemsides's residence in Collingham Place, South Kensington, for breakfast.

The Tail Vine-Dresser.

"I've heard tell of some animal that climbed a tree to feed upon the leaves, and when the last leaf was eaten, tumbled down and broke its neck. That's just how it'll be with you, I expect."

So spoke old Michael Bross to Claude.

Finding himself strong enough to work, Claude fell to it with a will, and his strength increased with every day's work he did, till in a few years he was able not only to help his father, but to show himself the stronger of the two.

"You undutiful boy," laughed old Bross one day, as he threw down his spade quite tired out, while Claude was still working away as if he would never leave off. "Hearst you ashamed to get ahead of your father in this way?"

"I'll do more than that before I'm through, daddy," chuckled Claude, shoveling away like a giant.

And so he did; for his size kept pace with his strength, and he soon sent up into a perfect giant. Tall as Michel himself was, his son overtopped him by a full head, and the village folk saw with amazement the puny little weakling, whom they used to pity, standing before them a huge brawny fellow seven feet high, with a face as brown as a nut, and an arm that could have felled an ox.

But instead of using his strength to bully his neighbors and knock down any one who offended him, he was the most friendly, good-tempered man alive. Did a horse fall down, or a cart stuck fast in the mud, or a man find his bundle too heavy for him, Claude's great broad shoulders and strong arms were always ready to set matters to rights; and a saying went abroad among the country people, "Claude Bross is as good as he's big."

Claude started to the city on one occasion with a cart. He had a long journey, but got to the end at last, and was almost within sight of the place when he passed a church, and saw through the open door a crowd of people at the service.

Now one of the things which Claude had learned from his father was never to be ashamed of saying his prayers anywhere, no matter how he might be laughed at. So he pulled up his cart, went in, and knelt down with the rest; but he was so tall that, even when he was kneeling, his head rose far above the crowd.

Now it happened the King of France himself, Louis XIV., was in the church at the time, and when he saw this great black head towering above all the rest, he thought this must be some rude fellow standing up while the others were kneeling on purpose to affront him. So he got very angry, and told one of his officers to go and make that man kneel down at once.

Away went the officer, and came back presently with his eyes very wide open indeed.

"Your majesty," said he, "the man is kneeling; but he's such a giant that he looks just as if he were standing, all the same."

The king was quite astonished, and almost thought the officer must be making fun of him; but he was said:

"Well, bring him to me as soon as the service is over."

"So, when the people were beginning to come out of church, our friend Claude felt a tap on his arm, and saw a richly-dressed man beside him, who said that the king wished to speak to him. The king praised his deportment, and finding out he had a particular wine called Macon wine, told him to send him a supply for his table. So Claude made not only his own fortune, but that of all of his neighbors; for from that day the 'Macon wine' was famous throughout France.

And if you ever travel through Macon you will be pretty sure to hear the story of 'Big Claude' and his vineyard, which the peasants still tell their children, to show what a man can do for himself by honest hard work.

Verbiage.

Young newspaper reporters and writers usually have a good deal of overflow—some of them so much that they seem to think the main object of writing is to fill up space. They make a paragraph out of a squib, and a page out of an item. The New Haven Register, thus caricatures one green hand:

Young Fitznoodle had just entered journalistic life, and is going to "cut a swath." He believes in putting in a good deal of "color" in his items, and prides himself on his work. He sharpened a couple of pencils at both ends; this morning, and began:

"We regret to inform our readers that the estimable Miss Jones, of Jonesboro, daughter of Congressman Jones, and grand-daughter of the well-known founder of the village of Jonesboro, has met with a fearful accident."

"As she was driving along the boulevard at the speed of the wind, the horse a half-brother of Maud S., and full sister of St. Julien, became suddenly startled by the uprising of a covey of partridges, which are unusually numerous in that section this season, and promise a grand deal of fun for the sportsmen when the law is off—and as they circled the frightened steed tore down the avenue like mad, until stopped by the gallant hand of Officer 71, of the Ninth Ward."

"Her injuries were a contusion of the ankle, which did not amount to a fracture; and the unfortunate girl was carried home to her grief-stricken parents and sympathizing friends."

The city editor, at this point, was anxious for copy, and glancing it over rapidly, crumpled it in his hand remarking:

"Fitzzy, you have piled up the words, haven't you. You've given all your fancy painted. Good boy! But remember, this department is the domain of fact." He then scribbled;

"The daughter of Congressman Jones was run away with by a spirited horse, on the avenue, yesterday afternoon. Injuries nominal."

Strawberries in Winter.

Hot-house strawberries have been sold in New York for many years, but the business never attained any importance, owing to the uncertainty of the crop and the enormous price at which they were valued. This year the hot-house strawberries sold in December and the first few days in January at seven dollars a quart, and it is no unusual thing for eight or nine dollars to be paid. The supply and the demand are extremely limited, however, not more than a few quarts a week being disposed of. Early in January begins the Florida trade, which sprang up in 1877 and has been gradually increasing. Last year one firm which does most of the wholesale business of this kind brought 40,000 quarts to the city. The berries are grown in the open air all along the St. John's river, and are sent when nearly ripe to Jacksonville, where they are packed in huge refrigerators

AGRICULTURAL.

FRUIT NOTES.—The climate and soil of our country afford unequalled facilities for the cultivation of fruit. A rich treasure lies within the reach of its inhabitants in the profusion of delicious kinds which successive months may be made to supply. And yet but few have availed themselves fully of these advantages. While trawling our country, neat contrived, and plenty is indicated by loaded orchards and abundant harvests. And yet how few of the prosperous owners are aware, fully, of the rare delicacies their fertile lands are capable of yielding. Apples of choice selections including the early harvest, the Fall and Winter varieties can be grown to last through the year. Peaches in rich profusion from the loaded boughs, the mellow shower can be obtained for ten successive weeks. Plums, rich, juicy and bloom-dusted may be had fresh from the tree from early winter until the ground freezes in autumn.

Among the thousand varieties of pears, that have fruited in this country, selections can be obtained that ripen from early harvest through Summer and Fall until mid-winter. How few there are that practically know that a whole yearly circle of fruit is within their reach, beginning with strawberries, raspberries and cherries for early summer including plums, apricots, peaches, and nectarines for Summer and Autumn and closing with high flavored pears, apples and grapes extending the season of ripening through Autumn and Winter and far into the succeeding Spring. We are pleased to announce that the number of cultivators is rapidly increasing who may place upon their tables many delicious fruits on almost any day of the year. It is well known that the man who plants trees, plants for himself as well as for his children. By bad management trees may not prove a source of profit to the planter.

Young trees surrounded with weeds and grasses should not be expected to flourish. No good farmer would expect to raise corn in his meadow. The fruit tree when planted under such circumstances cannot be expected to thrive. Trees planted in a rich mellow soil and judiciously cultivated will extend their branches under copious loads of fruit. The profits of fruit culture is beginning to be well known. By ordinary management good apple orchards yield a better return than the best farm crops. We would recommend to those that own lands and have no orchard to plant one this Spring.

CHAT ABOUT CHICKENS.—It is important that poultry have clean and healthy quarters, pure water, lime and gravel. Charcoal is also purifying. Bear in mind you are preparing the ingredients which are to form your own food, and purity promotes health. In preparing food for your fowls let the vegetable predominate. Corn tends to solidify the flesh unless ground or crushed and soured.

Now that vegetables are scarce, save all the table scraps, also potato peelings, which you can cook in your dish water, if you don't use soup in it—otherwise use pot liquor or pure water. Throw in your beets, turnips, etc., if handy; cook till tender; throw in the table scraps, a little salt, a pod of red pepper, and thicken up with meal or wheat bran, and set away for use. You will find that your fowls will eat food thus prepared with energy, and when so fed their flesh will be sweet, juicy and nutritious, but not so fat as when fed entirely upon food thus prepared. The feathers of our high-bred fowls are almost as good as those of ducks or geese. Pick them while the fowl is yet warm; the largest feathers can be saved by clipping of the quill ends. I pick all my Plymouth Rocks twice, and consider them thus managed a real savings bank. Who can say there is no comfort, and entertainment, too, to be derived from chickens?

WHY SOME ARE POOR.—Clean is allowed to mold and spoil. Silver spoons are used to scrape kettles. The scrubbing brush is left in the water. Nice handkerchiefs are thrown in hot water. Brooms are never hung up. Dish-cloths are thrown where mice can destroy them. Tubs and barrels are left in the sun to dry and fall apart. Clothes are left on the line to whip to pieces in the wind. Pie crust is left to sour instead of making a few turns for tea. Dried fruit is not taken care of in season and becomes wormy. Vegetables are thrown away that would make a good dinner. The cork is left off the syrup jug and the flies take possession. Bits of meat are thrown out that would make excellent bush for breakfast. Coffee, tea and spices are left to stand open and lose their strength. Pork spoils for the want of salt and because the brine wants sealing.

GROUND PEAS OR BEANS are economical for feeding owing to the great saving they effect. Farmers are tempted to part with them at \$2.10 a bushel, and they often bring more than that sum; but if we will stop and reflect that this meal, mixed half and-half with cornmeal, will enable us to dispense with one-third the quantity of hay, a great saving is made through the winter. For young calves nothing can equal it. If the farmer has no convenience for grinding them the peas or beans can be cooked into a "wash" in the ordinary way and thus given liberally to stock, especially to the younger portion, will push them rapidly forward. Hogs will grow fatter on it than on anything else. Young heifers become matured several months sooner.

A LARGE BUSINESS is done in drying sweet potatoes in evaporating machines. The potatoes are peeled and sliced by machinery, and their moisture removed by exposure to the sun and air in the evaporators. The dry potatoes are sometimes ground into flour. By this means the utility often experienced in keeping sweet potatoes through the winter is entirely obviated.

THE LEAST EXPENSIVE AND MOST SENSIBLE way to get rid of bowlders is to dig a hole close by the side of one, about two feet deeper than the diameter of the stone, digging partially under the edge. Then with a lever on the opposite side of the bowlder it is easy to roll the rock into the hole, where it will be out of the way.

TO REMOVE WARTS FROM HORSES: Equal parts of spirits of turpentine and pure olive oil, well shaken together and rubbed on warts daily until they disappear. One who has tried the above recipe says with it removed within two weeks' time 50 warts, to-day the animal shows signs where they have been, but never has had a wart since.

THE AMERICAN GARDEN says that the so-called Italian varieties of the onion, which are gaining in popularity in this country, originated in North Africa, where the onion is held in higher esteem than any other vegetable, and where it has been cultivated since the earliest periods of historical record.

It is a mistake to allow sows to breed before they are at least a year old, as they are not then sufficiently matured, and pigs from such are sometimes too weak to live.

DOMESTIC.

CHICKEN SALAD.—Boil fowls tender and pick clean, using no skin; do not cut chickens in too small pieces—must not be bashed; to one chicken put twice and a half the weight of celery, cut in pieces of about one quarter of an inch; mix thoroughly, and put chicken and celery on the ice. Dressing: Boil yolks of four fresh eggs with the yolks of two hard-boiled eggs. Rub these as smooth as possible before introducing the oil; a good measure of oil is a tablespoonful to each yolk of fresh egg. All the art consists in introducing the oil by degrees; you never can make a good salad against time. When the oil is well mixed put in salt—two good heaping teaspoonfuls; good, dry table salt is a necessity—and one teaspoonful of white ground pepper. Never put in salt or pepper before this stage of the process, because the salt and pepper would congregate the albumen of the eggs, and you cannot get the dressing smooth. One tablespoonful of vinegar, added gradually, with a teaspoonful of tarragon vinegar. Make the dressing in a vegetable dish, large enough to hold the whole salad; when you have mixed your chicken and celery in it turn it into your salad bowl. Mix very thoroughly; clean the sides of your salad bowl with a cloth or a bit of bread—a saucy salad bowl is an abomination. Stand the whole in a cool place until ready to serve. Too much dressing is really a greater mistake than too little. The crispness of celery in a salad is very evanescent, and a chicken salad should be eaten shortly after dressing. If a great deal of salad, for a supper, has to be made, work up your dressing a half hour beforehand, and mix when wanted. If a chicken salad stands too long it loses all its excellence. There ought to be no red pepper in a chicken salad; its characteristic should be blandness. In Baltimore a chicken salad is called an olio. Three years ago chicken salad was introduced in London, with the most marked success.

He did not Mince Matters.
A representative of the Lynn (Mass.) Item, in a late ramble throughout that city, gathered, among other scraps of interest and information, the following: The first place visited by the reporter was the fruit store of Mr. J. Levett, No. 67 Market street, in response to a rumor that the proprietor had been cured of the rheumatism by the great remedy. Mr. Levett, not being in, the reporter called on his son, Mr. J. Levett, who stated that his father had been cured of an exceedingly bad attack of rheumatism by the St. Jacob's Oil. He had the disease in his right arm and shoulder, which became perfectly helpless after being affected a few hours. His pain was so great that he could not rest in comfort or attend to business with any degree of satisfaction. After enduring this sort of thing for some time, he purchased a bottle of the Great German Remedy and began to apply it. He did not mince matters at all, but just used the Oil for all it was worth. After using three bottles of treatment, for three days the pain was banished and his father was in a perfectly healthy condition. He has never since felt any rheumatic pain.

COMMON SALT FOR THE THROAT.—In these days, when diseases of the throat are so universally prevalent, and in so many cases fatal, we feel it our duty to say a word in behalf of a most efficient, if not positive, cure for sore throat. For years past, indeed, we may say during the whole of a life of more than forty years, we have been subjected to sore throat, and more particularly to a dry hacking cough which is not only distressing to oneself but our friends and those with whom we are brought into business contact. Last fall we were induced to try what virtue there was in common salt. We commenced by using it three times a day, morning, noon and night. We dissolved a large tablespoonful of pure salt in about half a small tumbler of water. With this we gargle the throat most thoroughly just before meal time. The result has been that during the entire winter we were not only free from coughs and colds, but the dry, hacking cough has entirely disappeared. We attribute these satisfactory results solely to the use of the salt gargle, and most cordially recommend a trial of it to those who are subject to diseases of the throat. Many persons who have never tried the salt gargle have the impression that is unpleasant. Such is not the case. On the contrary it is pleasant, and after a few days' use no person who loves a nice clean mouth and a first rate sharpener of the appetite will abandon it.

HORACE B. DICK, Esq., associate editor of the *Delaware Co. Republican*, Chester, Pa., was cured by St. Jacob's Oil of very severe injuries resulting from a fall. His arm appeared to be paralyzed, but the Oil cured him.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

SPIDERS OBSTRUCTING THE TELEGRAPH.—One of the chief hindrances to telegraphing in Japan is the grounding of the current by spider lines. The trees bordering the highways swarm with spiders, which spin their web everywhere between the earth, wires, posts, insulators and trees. When the spider webs are covered with heavy dew they become good conductors and run the message to earth. The only way to remove the difficulty is by employing men to sweep the wires with brushes of bamboo, but as the spiders are more numerous and persistent than the brush users, the difficulty remains always a serious one.

FLYING POLISHING PASTE.—English mechanics mix together 4 ounces spirits turpentine, 2 ounces spirits of wine, 1 ounce spirits of camphor, and 3 ounces spirits of ammonia. To this add one pound of whiting, finely powdered and stir until the whole is of the consistency of thick cream. Use this preparation, with a clean sponge cover the silver with it, so as to give it a coat like whitewash. Set the silver aside until the paste has dried into a powder; then brush it off, and polish with a chamois leather. A cheaper kind may be made by merely mixing spirits of wine and whiting together.

GRAHAM CRACKS.—To one pint of sour milk, take 1 egg, 1 spoonful of sugar, well beaten, 1 teaspoonful of soda, and good fresh Graham flour enough to make a stiff batter. Bake in iron gem pans with a quick, hot fire. They will be delicious, light, puffy and tender.

MUFFINS.—1 tablespoonful butter, 2 tablespoonfuls sugar, 2 eggs, 1 cup of milk, pinch of salt, three tablespoonfuls of baking powder, flour to make a stiff batter; stir the butter, sugar and eggs together; add milk, salt, and last, flour with baking powder; place in the oven as quick as possible after giving all a good beating. Bake twenty minutes in gem pans.

TREATMENT OF NEW FILLS.—Use with a light pressure until the very thin sharp edges are worn off, after which a heavier pressure may be used with much less danger of the teeth crumbling at the top or breaking off at the base.

Some like a little sugar in the dough, but it is generally preferred without. This is a favorite with children.

AN UNUSUAL FIGURE.

A recent Excitement Investigated by the Herald and the *Times* made Public.
(Continued, C. O. Monroe.)
A few weeks ago we copied into our columns from the *Rochester, N. Y. Democrat and Chronicle* "A Remarkable Statement," made by J. B. Henion, M. D., a gentleman who is well known in this city. In that article Dr. Henion recounted a wonderful experience which befell him, and a few days thereafter we published from the same paper a second article, giving an account of the "Excitement in Rochester," caused by Dr. Henion's statement. In the first article Dr. Henion stated that he had been afflicted with what seemed at first a most mysterious trouble. He felt unaccountably tired at frequent intervals; he had dull and indefinite pains in various parts of his body and head, and was very hungry one day and entirely without appetite the next. However, as a physician he thought, and so did his fellow physicians, that he was suffering from malaria.

But yet he grew worse, and was finally obliged to give up a large and lucrative practice. Still he was conscious of his danger, nor that his monstrous disease was becoming fixed upon him, although his organs had become gradually weakened. The symptoms above described continued, accompanied by others of an aggravated nature, and he noticed a peculiar color and odor about the fluids he was passing; that they were abundant one day and very scanty the next, and were covered with froth, or filled with brick dust sediment. But even then he did not realize his real and alarming condition. At last, however, he was brought face to face with the fact that he was a victim of a most terrible disease, and he made heroic efforts for recovery. He traveled extensively and consulted the best physicians, but they could give him only temporary relief, and that principally in the form of morphine. And so he grew steadily and constantly worse until his life became a torture. His pulse was unaccountable. He lived wholly by injections, and for six days and nights he had the hiccoughs continually, which are considered the sure indications of coming life were nearly exhausted in many of the leading journals of the day has been the cause of an incessant flow of letters to me making many inquiries, but chiefly with reference to the statement is true, or a mere advertising dodge, etc., etc.

I beg, therefore to anticipate any further inquiries and save time and labor, and some postage, by saying that the statement of Dr. Henion is true, so far as it concerns myself, and I believe it to be true in all other respects. He is a parishioner of mine and I visited him in his sickness. I urged him to take the medicine and would do the same again to any one who was troubled with a disease of the kidneys and liver.

ISRAEL FOOTER, (D. D.),
Rector of St. Paul's church,
Rochester, N. Y., Jan. 28, 1892.

A FARMER, carrying a basket of eggs, tried to steal a ride on a freight train, and when he came to what to get off, the train didn't stop, and so he jumped off. The train was going very fast, but he didn't understand getting away from it, and so got along several moments and stopped against a fence, with a wrist sprained, his clothes muddled and rent, and one ear pretty nearly torn off. He got up and took an inventory of the result, and in his despair, lifted up his voice and said: "Gosh darn the gosh darn luck, anyhow! Every gosh darned egg in the lot's broke!"

"It is Curing Everybody."
writes a druggist. "Kidney Wort is the most popular medicine we sell." It should be by right, for no other medicine has such specific action on the liver, bowels and kidneys. If you have those symptoms which indicate biliousness or deranged kidneys do not fail to procure it and use faithfully. In liquid or dry form it is sold by all druggists.—*Salt Lake City Review.*

"So you enjoyed your visit to the Museum, did you?" said a young man of his adored one's little sister. "Oh yes! and do you know, that we saw a camel there that screwed its mouth and eyes around awfully, and sister said it looked exactly like you when you are reciting poetry at evening parties." They parted.

Change of Mind.
I declined to insert your advertisement of Hop Bitters last year, because I then thought they might be promotive of the cause of Temperance, but find they are and a very valuable medicine, myself and wife having been greatly benefited by them, and I take great pleasure in making them known.

REV. JOHN SEAMAN,
Editor *Home Sentinel*, Attou, N. Y.

MUSICAL. A member of a fashionable congregation called at a music store and inquired: "Have you the notes of a piece called the 'Song of Solomon'?" adding: "Our pastor referred to it yesterday as an exquisite gem and my wife would like to learn to play it."

A FARMER one morning received a note from a merchant asking him to come and settle forthwith. He seemed puzzled for a moment, and then entered the house and said to his wife: "Betty, what day does forthwith fall on?"

"Take this dollar, and give me 'Lindsey's Blood Searcher.' It saved others; it will save me."

"My mother is going to get a new piano," said one little girl to another, the other day. "That's nothing," replied the other. "My mother is going to get a divorce."

WHAT IS THE difference between a fool and a looking glass? The fool speaks without reflecting and the looking glass reflects without speaking.

Send name and address to Cragin & Co., Philadelphia, Pa., for cook book free.

"Nothing so much destroys a man's peace of mind as to hear a woman express the intention of giving him a piece of hers."

ORANGE PIE.—2 oranges cut up small, and their juice; yolks of 3 eggs, beaten, 1 cup of sugar, 1 1/2 cups of milk, 1 tablespoonful butter, 1/2 cup of flour. Bake pie with bottom crust only. When cool, beat the whites of the eggs with 4 tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar; set in the oven a few minutes to brown.

Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure.
STOVE POLISH.—Have a thin mixture of black varnish and turpentine, apply this with a paint or varnish brush to a portion of the stove; then with a cloth draw this over with a portion of pulverized British lustre or stove polish; then rub with a dry brush. The stove must be perfectly cold.

Bright's disease of the kidneys, after several doctors of prominence had given him, by the use of a preparation manufactured in this city and known as Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure.

We are personally or by reputation acquainted with no statement not literally true. We are also personally or by reputation well acquainted with H. H. Warner & Co., proprietors of this remedy, whose commercial and personal standing in this community is of the highest order, and we believe that they would not publish any statements which were not literally and strictly true in every particular. C. R. Parsons, (Mayor, Rochester.)
Wm. Purcell, (Editor *Union and Advertiser*.)
W. D. Shuart, (Surrogate, Monroe County.)
Edward A. Frost, (Clerk, Monroe County.)
E. B. Fenner, (District Attorney, Monroe County.)
Daniel T. Hunt, (Postmaster, Rochester.)
J. M. Davy, (Ex-Member Congress, Rochester.)
John S. Morgan, (Special Co. Judge, Monroe Co.)
Hiram Sibley, (Capitalist and Seedman.)
W. C. Rowley, (County Judge, Monroe County.)
John Van Voorhis, (Member of Congress.)
Charles E. Fitch, (Editor *Democrat and Chronicle* and Rector of the University.)

To the Editor of the Living Church, Chicago, Ill.:
Will you allow the following card, personal to myself, to appear in your widely circulated paper?

There was published in the *Rochester Democrat and Chronicle* of the 8th of Dec. last, a statement made by J. B. Henion, M. D., narrating how he had been cured of Bright's disease of the kidneys, almost in its last stages, by the use of Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure. I was referred to in that statement, as having recommended and urged Dr. Henion to try the remedy, which he did, and was cured.

Now the republishing of his statement in many of the leading journals of the day has been the cause of an incessant flow of letters to me making many inquiries, but chiefly with reference to the statement is true, or a mere advertising dodge, etc., etc.

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Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure.

HUMOROUS.

"Good morning, neighbor Johnson," said Jones this morning. "Bout how's your thermometer this morning?"
"About three degrees below zero."
"Is that all? Mine was seven below." "Don't seem possible. Why your thermometer ain't more'n fifty feet from mine. Here's Robinson. Let's ask him. How's your thermometer to-day?"
"Bout fifteen below." "You don't say!" from both Johnson and Jones.
"Fact, gentlemen. Of course I'm on the north side 'o the street, and that makes some difference. Just then we saw half a dozen neighbors bearing down, each with a different thermometer record in his vest pocket, and we xuit. We admire cold weather, but we can't stand too much variety of it."

"Do Likewise."

Dr. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.:
"Five years ago I was a dreadful sufferer from uterine troubles. Having exhausted the skill of three physicians, I was completely discouraged, and so weak I could with difficulty cross the room alone. I began taking your 'Favorita Prescription,' and using the local treatment recommended in your 'Common Sense Medical Adviser.' In three months I was perfectly cured. I wrote a letter to my family paper, briefly mentioning how my health had been restored, and offering to send the full particulars to any one writing me for them and inclosing a stamped envelope for reply. I have received over four hundred letters. In reply, I have described my case and the treatment used, and earnestly advised them to 'do likewise.' From a great many I have received second letters of thanks stating that they had commenced the treatment and were much better already."

Mrs. E. F. MORGAN, New Castle, Me.
A Newly married Harrisburg man, of a very attractive nature, has been in the habit of embracing his wife at the door of his residence. Last Thursday evening it was dusk when he reached home. A he opened his front door the cook, a colored damsel, was about to go out, and, mistaking her for his wife, the usual embrace was given before he discovered his error. He will now wait until the hall light is burning.

Dr. Pierce's "Pellets," or sugar coated granules—the original "Little Liver Pills" (because of imitations)—cure sick and bilious headaches, cleanse the stomach and bowels, and purify the blood. To get genuine, see Dr. Pierce's signature and portrait on Government stamp. 25 cents per vial, by druggists.

"CHILDREN," said a country minister, addressing a Sunday school, "Why are we like flowers? What do we have that flowers have?" And a small boy in the infant class, whose breath smelt of vermicelli, rose up and made reply, "Worms!" and the minister crept under the pulpit chair to hide his emotion.

"Beauty Undeformed (with Pimples) is Adorned the Most."
If you desire a fair complexion free from pimples, blotches and eruptions, take "Golden Medical Discovery." By druggists.

THOMAS SCOTFIELD, aged ninety one years, walked nine miles to renew his subscription to a New London paper. It is the general opinion among publishers that there are a number of subscribers who are waiting until they are ninety one years old to come and pay for their paper.

Consumption Cured.
An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. NOBLE, 149 *Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

A LOWELL man has a wife of such a changeable disposition that he says he loves her some days enough to eat her up, and the next day wishes to gracious he had.

WANT TO KNOW how to tell the most stylish dress? Get in a crowd and mark the one the women turn up their noses at.

Poison on these Truths.
Kidney Wort is nature's remedy for kidney and liver diseases, piles and constipation. Sediment or mucous in the urine is a sure indication of disease. Take Kidney Wort.

Torpid liver and kidneys poison the blood. Kidney Wort revives them and cleanses the system. Headache, bilious attacks, dizziness, and loss of appetite are cured by Kidney Wort. See adv.

MARRIAGE improves the memory. When man and wife have a little tiff they can each recall, in an instant every one of the mean things the other has ever done.

MAN'S most deadly weapon: The night key plays more men than the musket.

BAT CITY, Mich., Feb. 8, 1890.
I think it my duty to send you a recommendation for the benefit of any person wishing to know whether Hop Bitters are good or not. I know they are good for general debility and indigestion; strengthen the nervous system and make new life. I recommend my patients to use them.

Dr. A. PRATT.

A WOMAN who pretends to laugh at love is like a child who sings at night when it is afraid.

"Rough on Rats."
The thing destroyed found at last. Ask druggists for Rough on Rats. It clears out rats, mice, roaches, flies, bedbugs, 15 boxes.

Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer is the marvel of the age for all nerve diseases. All cases of Nervous Debility, Neuritis, Neuralgia, etc., cured. Send to 331 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

MRS. MORGAN & HEADLY, MUTUAL LIFE BUILDING and Chestnut Street, have on hand a superb stock of extra fine quality diamonds of the first quality, perfect alike in color and shape, can be sold for.

On Third Day Trial.
The Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich., will send their Electro-Voltaic Belt and other Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days to any person afflicted with Nervous Debility, Loss of Vitality, and kindred troubles, guaranteeing complete restoration of vigor and manhood.

Address as above without delay.
P. S.—No risk is incurred, as 25 days' trial is allowed.

"I wish to ask the court," said a facetious barrister, who had been called to testify as an expert, "if I am compelled to come into this case, in which I have no personal interest, and give a legal opinion for nothing?" "Yes, yes," certainly, replied the mild mannered judge; "give it for what it is worth."

The frittering away of wealth is of minor account compared to the expenditure of vital force by delay in treating a Cough or Cold. Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup saves time and strength in its effect upon Coughs and Colds. Price only 25 cents a bottle.

In analyzing green tea, the authorities of Berlin found that some of it was adulterated with flowers of hay, cocoa, potato and corn. After this one can understand why so many old ladies look upon a cup of tea as victuals and drink.

A WOMAN whose first husband had eloped with a pretty servant girl vaccinated the second as soon as she got him with mumps. She thought that would make him stick.

Allen's Brain Food
Cures Nervous Debility and Weakness of Generative Organs. \$1—all druggists. Send for circular. Allen's Pharmacy, 818 First av., N. Y.

ONE of our policemen who had been laid up with a sore hand remarked that while he had a felon on a finger he could not lay a finger on a felon.

STAINED glass is a very good thing to have in the house if you do not stain it with ardent spirits, in which case you will be likely to stain your nose.

We can insure any person having a bald head or troubled with dandruff, that Carboline, a deodorized extract of petroleum, will do all that is claimed for it. It will not stain the most delicate fabric and is delightfully perfumed.

HUSBANDS are taught to think of marriage as soon as they can talk. This makes them smarter than American girls by about two years.

Free: "What do you think of my argument, Fogg?" Fogg: "It was sound—very sound" (Fogg delighted); "nothing but sound, in fact."

When you have the blues, and feel all out of sorts, then your liver is diseased, and you need "Sellers' Liver Pills."

When you say a woman is a daisy—i. e., a flower—we presume you mean to have it inferred that she is as good as wheat.

The reason why New Year resolves are so often forgotten is because many who turn the new leaf forget to gum it down.

An old judge is credited with the remark, "I don't know which does the most harm, enemies with the worst intentions, or friends with the best."

For Brick and Tile Machinery
Address Jas. F. Clark, Morone, Mich.

A CHANGE of name probable: After a few more pontifical mistakes they will probably call him Prince Missmark.

D. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP

HOPBITTERS

STOMACH BITTERS

BEATTY'S ORGANS

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